

# THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

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## Notes of Recent Exposition.

DR. CHARLES CUTLER TORREY, Professor of the Semitic Languages in Yale University, has published a pamphlet on *The Composition and Date of Acts* (Milford). It is the first of a series of 'Harvard Theological Studies' to be issued as extra numbers of the *Harvard Theological Review*.

Dr. TORREY believes that the first fifteen chapters of the Book of Acts were translated from an Aramaic original. He believes that they were translated by the same man who wrote the rest of the book, that man being Paul's beloved physician, Luke. In the beginning of his Gospel, Luke tells us that he was careful to trace the course of all things accurately from the first. That is good reason for the belief, says Dr. TORREY, that he made special search for Semitic documents, as the primitive and authentic sources, in order to render them into Greek. And the hypothesis of translation from Aramaic will account for the markedly Semitic colouring of those fifteen chapters, while their vocabulary and phraseology are so similar to the language of the rest of the book.

Dr. TORREY is not the first to discover an Aramaic original behind the Greek of those chapters of the Book of Acts. But he is the first to work out the idea systematically by means of examples. His first example is the most impres-

sive. It is Ac 2<sup>47</sup>, 'And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.'

Now the translation of that text is not easy. Its great difficulty was felt very soon. To relieve it a little, some early copyist inserted the words 'to the Church.' This was accepted for the Received Text, and appears in what we call the Authorized Version. That addition must go. But it is a small matter. The real difficulty of the verse lies in the words translated in the Revised Version 'to them' (*ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό*). The Revisers' rendering is, 'And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved.'

'To them' is no translation. It is just an attempt, similar to that of the early copyist, to make the sentence intelligible. The words so translated really mean 'together.' The Revisers have said so in their margin. No doubt they would gladly have placed 'together' in their text, if it could have been understood. But so difficult is it to insert 'together' into this verse that some commentators and copyists left it out altogether, and inserted it in the next verse instead. That is to say, they made the three Greek words (*ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό*) translated 'together' begin the first verse of the third chapter instead of ending the last verse of the second. This is done in the Authorized Version: 'Now Peter and John went



up *together* into the temple.' But again it will not do.

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Professor TORREY turned the Greek words back into Aramaic. He easily found an Aramaic word which would be translated by these Greek words and which means 'together.' And then came the discovery. That Aramaic word has two meanings. It means 'together,' but it also means 'greatly.' Suppose that the translator of the original Aramaic of the Acts did not know that the same word meant both 'together' and 'greatly'? Suppose that he knew it only as meaning 'together'? Then he would translate it 'together,' and miss the meaning of the passage. That is what Dr. TORREY believes was done by Luke.

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But why should not Luke know that the word had both meanings? Because it is only in the Judean dialect of Aramaic that it has the meaning of 'greatly.' If Luke made his translation at a distance from Judea, if he made it in Northern Syria, or even in Galilee, he might know only one meaning of the word, the meaning 'together.' It is Dr. TORREY's belief that Luke, being possibly a native of Antioch, did not know the Judean dialect.

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Let us translate according to this dialect. The translation is as simple as it is satisfactory: 'And the Lord added greatly day by day to the saved.'

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Letter writing, it is said, is a forgotten art. Perhaps in this so scientific an age we have turned it into a science. Canon SANDAY and the Rev. N. P. WILLIAMS, M.A., Chaplain-Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, have been writing letters to one another. The letters are long. There are six of them in all, and, when issued as a book, they cover one hundred and sixty-seven octavo pages. They are occupied with the difficult matters of authority and inspiration. If it were not that Canon SANDAY cannot write a sentence without giving it the charm of art as well as the accuracy of science,

we should say that here at least, in this volume with the very scientific title of *Form and Content in the Christian Tradition* (Longmans; 6s. net), we have something to go by when we suggest that perhaps the art of letter-writing has become a science.

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*Form and Content in the Christian Tradition*—that is Dr. SANDAY's title. What does he mean by it? He means that 'there are the great truths about God and Christ; there are the great broad fundamental experiences of the Christian life. These are permanent and unchangeable. And yet, the forms under which we conceive of them must of necessity change, with the changing apparatus of thought through which they find expression.'

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It is Dr. SANDAY's title. Mr. WILLIAMS does not believe in it. He does not deny that there is a difference between the meaning of a doctrine and the words in which that doctrine is expressed. But Dr. SANDAY claims much more than that. He claims that the form in which a doctrine or even a fact has been expressed may strike us quite differently after a long lapse of time. So differently may it appeal to us that the doctrine itself will no longer seem true, or the fact no longer credible. Mr. WILLIAMS does not believe that.

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We have stated Dr. SANDAY's contention in the barest possible words. Let us see what it comes to. There was a time in the history of the Church when it was possible to believe that, during the three days in which the body of our Lord lay in the tomb, His spirit went and sojourned in the place of the departed, and then, when the three days were ended, it returned and reanimated the body. Mr. WILLIAMS believes that still. Dr. SANDAY holds that it is not possible to believe it now. Wrapped up in that outward form there may be a doctrine or teaching of the Church, or a fact in the experience of the Redeemer, which is true, which has always been and always will be true. But the outward form in which that doctrine or fact was conveyed to the Christian world in the



Creed, acceptable as it was to that age, and to all subsequent ages till the birth of modern science, is unacceptable now, and so entirely unacceptable that we ought no longer to be asked to believe in the doctrine called the 'Descent into Hell.'

Now it is just possible that some of us will say here that we are not concerned about the Descent into Hell. We may not be. It is only one example. In reality it is but little referred to in this book. But what if Dr. SANDAY and Mr. WILLIAMS, the one rejecting and the other accepting the doctrine of the Descent into Hell, are working by methods which are irreconcilable with one another? And we? What if we have to choose between them?

That is so. As we read the book we see that it is so, though the writers themselves do not see it. They have conducted their correspondence with so much Christian courtesy that they do not recognize how wide apart they are. Dr. SANDAY is almost persuaded that he has convinced Mr. WILLIAMS, and Mr. WILLIAMS is almost convinced that he has persuaded Dr. SANDAY. They have not really moved a step nearer one another.

Dr. SANDAY accepts as truth that which verifies itself to his own mind. 'For me,' he says, 'the ultimate standard of judgement is what I conceive to be truth. Authority has its weight; but I could not accept a thing purely upon authority, if I did not also believe it to be true.' He does not think that he has attained to the highest truth or the highest sincerity until he can speak from personal conviction. He may recognize degrees short of this, and acquiesce in them provisionally; but he always feels that his acquiescence is provisional; he has not yet attained to 'the *vérité vraie*, which is the crowning stage of all.'

Mr. WILLIAMS accepts as truth that which the Church has declared to be truth. Has the Church declared that Christ descended into Hell? Mr. WILLIAMS believes that Christ descended into

Hell. If the Church had said that Christ did not descend into Hell, Mr. WILLIAMS would have believed that He did not descend.

Of course Dr. SANDAY does not cut himself off from the stream of history. As he says, he gives Authority its weight. Nor does Mr. WILLIAMS on his side accept that as true which he believes to be false simply because the Church has declared it to be true. But that does not bring the one correspondent closer to the other. Dr. SANDAY believes that the Church may err, has erred indeed in declaring as purely historical truth, not only the Descent into Hell, but also the Virgin Birth and the physical Ascension. Mr. WILLIAMS believes that these are historical truths, not because he has investigated their truth (though doubtless he has done so), but because it is to his mind impossible that the Church could err in setting them forth.

There are men now growing old who read in their youth books written by Dr. Newman SMYTH, and were strengthened for the journey of life before them. These men may read another book by the same author and be strengthened for the way that they have still to go. It is a remarkable experience. Books like *Old Faiths in New Light* seemed then, and seem still, to be mature in thought. The new book *The Meaning of Personal Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 10s. 6d. net) has not a sign upon it of the dimness of eye or the abatement of natural force that are expected with old age.

The new book is a study of Personality. But the truth is that Dr. Newman SMYTH is thoroughly interested in one personality only. His own? Not at all. There was a time, no doubt, when, with him as with other men, the absorbing personality was his own. But he has learned Christ. Now to him to live is Christ. When he lives it is not he that lives, but Christ that lives in him. The only personality in which he is thoroughly interested is the personality of Jesus Christ.



But he does not introduce Christ at once. He discusses Personality first. He takes in physical science and psychology. He brings nature into relation with man, and mind into relation with body. Nevertheless, with all his science and system, he is not half through the book when he entitles a chapter 'The Fulfilment of Personal Life in Jesus Christ.' And from that moment to the end Christ is all in all.

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Dr. Newman SMYTH discourses on Death. But not as one who is losing his interest in life. This is the most distinctive thing about the book, that the entrance of Christ gives new value to the life that now is. He does not write as one who feels that the time of his departure is at hand, and that the good fight has already been fought. His interest in this life is not behind but before. He is one with the generations that are to follow. He sees the entrance of Christ working steadily and for good in the days that are to come more manifestly than in the days that are past. And so confident is he that all are one in Christ Jesus that he does not consider himself apart. If there is to be a clearer revelation he will be there to enjoy it. If there is to be a fuller consecration to the will of God he will be there to share in it.

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Does that mean that Dr. Newman SMYTH has made progress in the knowledge of God beyond the Apostle Paul? It does. This is the very creed by which he lives. Christ promised progress both in knowledge and in service, and He has been there all the while to make sure of it. The idea of a 'deposit' of truth, apostolic or other, beyond which no man's thought may pass, is abhorrent to him. For it is abhorrent to the mind of Christ.

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Christianity, whether expressed in the writings of the New Testament or in the creeds of the Church, is not a deposit but a development. He has no quarrel with the Church for setting forth the truth as it is in Jesus in systems of theology. His complaint is that the systems and creeds are so

complete and final. They are as houses built under the terror of a drastic window tax. 'As one must have a house to live in, so reason must needs build for itself a system of ideas in which to dwell comfortably. But the habitual dwelling-place of one's thoughts should be open-windowed and hospitable to all truths that may knock at its door.'

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Dr. Newman SMYTH believes that we know more of God than did Athanasius or Origen. And he believes that men shall yet know more of God than we do. He even sees lines of approach to the fuller and better knowledge of God in the future. One line of approach is Physical Science. 'Men may know more of God as the sciences shall discover more and more the ruling ideas in the order of nature.' 'Recent science has carried verifiable knowledge down into the elements of the creation further than Hebrew prophet could possibly have seen.' 'The alphabet of the language in which the heavens declare the glory of God has been deciphered in the lines of the spectroscope. Space, empty to the eye, has become to scientific intelligence filled with pulsations and powers from all infinitude. We are handling in our factories forces of which our fathers had not heard, and commanding powers of the air to carry even the voices of men across the seas as we ourselves but recently never dreamed. So in the world's work, too unconsciously it may be, we are using thoughts of God in things. Some day in all this wondrous knowledge man may awake to find himself nearer the living One.'

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Another line of approach to God is History. Dr. Newman SMYTH believes in the creation of the world at the hand of God, but he does not believe that it was finished in six days. He does not believe that it is finished yet. All events in the history of mankind, the unseen as well as the seen, are steps in the creation of the world, and as we understand them we approach the better understanding of God. Such an event is the European war. And already it is evident to most of us that



of all the gains which the war will bring the greatest is to be a better knowledge of God—a greater regard for His greatness, a finer appreciation of His gentleness.

But the most manifest sign that the creation is not complete is man himself. What physical powers man may develop we can barely guess. In strength as in stature he has already increased even within the record of written history. In length of days he has increased almost within the experience of a single generation. But Dr. Newman SMYTH is more concerned with the spiritual than the physical. He believes that man will become more spiritually receptive. This is true, he says, 'of the individual; his mind may gain more capacity of spiritual discernment; as his heart becomes more pure he may more clearly see God. To believe as immortals we must live as immortals. What is thus true of the increase of the individual's know-

ledge of God holds good likewise of the social growth in spiritual wisdom. There may be new social knowledge of God; there *will* be, as Christianity purifies and enlarges the social consciousness. Through such higher Christian development humanity shall gain happier sense of divinity and ampler understanding of the breadth and the height of the love of God for the world.'

Last of all there will be a new approach to God through the raising up again of the Prophet. This has always been God's way of working. He works still, as He has ever worked, by election. Dr. Newman SMYTH firmly believes that when the Son came and ended the old order of the prophets, He came with no purpose of changing the method of God's revelation to the world. The time is coming when the prophet, chosen of God from among men for no merit of his or of the society to which he belongs, will be looked for and made welcome.

## The Attitude of the Historical Student towards Miraculous Records.

BY THE REV. R. L. MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., MAGHERA, CO. DERRY.

HISTORICAL facts are, generally speaking, facts established by the use of documents. In some way or other their occurrence was recorded, and the record either in its original shape or in some derivative form has survived. Now all results depending on such documents are inevitably open to considerable criticism. For apart altogether from the possibility of fraud or delusion they are often few in number. And yet, the individual differences in our faculties and senses entail the consequence that none of us sees the same thing or perceives it exactly as another observer. Consequently it is only from many accounts that one can confidently reconstruct reality. Then again, the events happen only once. They are so complex, so interwoven with antecedent and concurrent circumstances, that one observer sees only a tiny piece of the whole. And the results and consequences left behind them are often difficult of disentanglement, and frequently very obscure.

Because of these considerations, all historical facts can only be established as probable. And this probability of their having occurred as recorded, ranges from little more than bare possibility to approximate certainty.

Now in the case of the physical sciences 'we can eliminate and control human differences by repeated experiment, by observing the same process or object, time and again, and through the eyes of different observers.' And thus we may attain more often to what is warrantably assumed to be certain knowledge. Compared with this, historical investigation, with probability the ultimate goal of its closest research, is often compelled to speak less confidently.

What, then, is to be our position when some of these historically established facts appear to clash with certain results claimed to be established by the methods of physical science? For this is the form which the question usually takes. Langlois



and Seignobos, in their excellent *Introduction aux études historiques*, put the problem thus: 'It happens sometimes that a fact obtained as an historical conclusion is in contradiction with . . . a scientific law established by the regular method of an established science: the fact is contrary to the results of science: there is disagreement between the direct observations of men of science and the indirect testimony of the documents.' And impressed by the essential 'probability' of historical facts, as distinguished from the comparative certainty of many results of physical science; impressed too by the impossibility of checking historical deductions, or re-creating by experiment long past conditions, these eminent teachers decide the conflict by excluding from the purview of historical science the entire class of occurrences ordinarily labelled 'miraculous.' And 'miraculous occurrences' for them are 'those which seem improbable to a scientific mind.'

Their conclusion is one that commends itself to the vast majority of modern students of historical method, trained as most are in the schools of Germany and France. But the question is not so easily disposed of; because the number of recorded events commonly grouped under the heading 'miraculous,' whose happening would inevitably involve a direct breach of well-established law, such as is contemplated above, is on close examination very small. Accordingly the principle laid down by Langlois and Seignobos does not furnish a sufficient reason for universal exclusion. And furthermore, it is at least debatable whether any science can possibly have the right of veto over the entire class of occurrences with which we are concerned. For it must always be remembered in this connexion, that a vast amount of knowledge is required in order to enable one to declare what is or is not possible in spheres as yet imperfectly investigated. Yet with regard to whole classes of facts, Sir Oliver Lodge has justly remarked that 'science has been too often the friend of systematic negation.'

After all, rendering unto the Cæsar of physical science all the reverence that is his undoubted due, what general authority is invested in him which warrants him in categorically dictating the facts to be admitted or rejected by the historical student? For in reality, the paths of these two investigators lie very far apart, and the right of trespass is strictly limited in the case of each. The unit of the

physicist is the Electron; the unit of the historical student is Man. And while the properties of the electron may be to some extent well established, the properties of man are still very largely shrouded in mystery. To lay down dogmatically then, what is or is not possible in his case, is in many instances to go beyond the legitimate sphere of physical science. For there is at present no sure prophet in the realm of human action, nor can we yet enthrone an infallible pope amongst the students of psychology or sociology. In short, scientists as a class have not devoted themselves to the study of the immaterial, and outside the purely physical sphere are as a result not unerring judges. Consequently they have often too readily laid down false limits to the possible, and they have flatly excluded from its realm certain occurrences, merely because of the absence from their personal experience of any analogous phenomena. Indeed, the remark of the late Professor W. James has a very considerable foundation in the history of science, that very often 'facts are denied until a welcome interpretation is offered, then they are admitted readily enough.'

Now the plea put forward here on behalf of the historical student is that the absence of a welcome interpretation is not a sufficient basis for the exclusion from history of a fact established by historical methods. A mistaken idea that it is, has been responsible for the wholesale mutilation of historical documents.

A concrete example may be cited. Hosts of witnesses in the Middle Ages saw the stigmata on the body of a monk. The chronicler, convinced of the existence of the marks, recorded the fact. But in comparatively modern times reputable scientists denied its possibility, partly because they had not seen it, partly because it was 'improbable to a scientific mind.' And historians, disregarding the very criteria by which they claimed to establish all other facts, excised the account of the chronicler. Then in still more recent times, cases of stigmata were scientifically observed. The phenomenon is admitted. And the old-time chronicler is rehabilitated with the garment of veracity. Now how, in the case of a fact which is determined purely and simply by vision and touch, is the well-established evidence of the eyes of common witnesses less reliable than the opinion of Herr Doctor Wissenschaft? Granted that the trained mind is required for explanation, for valid deduction from observed



facts; nevertheless the eye of a country-bred Hodge is, for purposes of observing open evident occurrences, not necessarily less sharp than that of a laboratory-bred chemist, and in its own sphere his evidence ought to be equally admissible.

Again, the authenticity of certain recorded phenomena observed in the case of the nuns of Loudun was until comparatively recent times denied by scientists, because it was recorded under the head of 'possession.' But analogous phenomena were observed again, and scientifically; so the facts are now admitted, and the phenomena placed under the heading 'nervous anæsthesia.' The explanation, or rather descriptive label, is changed, but the phenomena were always similar. Now the sole duty of the historical student as such is with what occurred. Explanations are not legitimately in his sphere. Why, then, did historians follow the scientific lead and deny the phenomena place, simply because the facts in question were delivered with a label which was alleged to be inaccurate? But if we examine carefully this whole question of miracle we shall discover that, with monotonous regularity a so-called miraculous event is excluded from an historical narrative, either because the simple *non potest* of a scientist is preferred to the evidence of eyes and ears, or because of the absence of a suitable scientific heading under which the event in question may be indexed. Yet neither ground is sufficient. For the duty of the historical student in all cases is to deal, not with labels or with laws, but with testimony.

Further illustrations are not far to seek. In the Gospel narrative the demoniac was mad. That was evident to the eyes and ears of the people. The demoniac was restored to sanity. That too was evident to eyes and ears. And the observation of ordinary people gifted with normal eyes and ears is of as much value as the opinion of the scientist, in a case like this where no scientific mental training is involved. The real reason for his madness and the permanency of the cure are entirely different questions, and are not within the strict sphere of the historian. Again, Lazarus was dead, to all human appearances: Lazarus became alive again. In so far as the record simply states these facts, its right to do so should be questioned only on purely evidential grounds. The waves ran high on the lake of Galilee: the sea became hushed. Now, why not simply accept

these facts on evidence which is deemed sufficient to establish any other class of facts? And then, having recorded them, the task of the historian as such is over and done. Let others explain them as they will. It can be maintained that Lazarus lay in a cataleptic trance, though the historical evidence available in support may be small. And it may be asserted that coincident with Christ's words of command to the tempest, the boat rounded a jutting headland which broke all the fury of the winds, so that it rocked at rest in a sheltered bay. All this is perfectly legitimate, either as imaginative exercise or speculative effort. And though criticism or appraisal of such theories may be based on the fact that they satisfy, exclude, or deny certain historical facts inherent in the narrative, yet such criticism does not properly lie within the province of the historian's primary work. That work is concerned not with explanations, but with events.

For the historical student then, the conclusion arrived at is that the absence of an explanation satisfactory to any scientist is not sufficient ground for absolute negation with regard to a recorded fact. It is not maintained for a moment that credulity should be substituted for criticism, but it is maintained that all facts carefully established by ordinary historical criteria have the right to remain in an historical document; and that, having after due examination recorded these events, the task of the historian ends.

And because these principles seem to be applicable to the case of all historical documents which are regarded on the whole as trustworthy, one cannot but feel that by rigidly excluding from history on *a priori* grounds all post-apostolic miracles Christian apologists have greatly erred. For in so doing they have created an absolute breach between the canons of historical criticism applicable to the New Testament and those applied to all subsequent and preceding historical documents. The whole trend of modern research, by sheer force of logic and common sense, is in the direction of vigorously applying to all documents that claim to be historical precisely similar canons of criticism. Nor can we as students complain. Neither as Christians have we need to fear the results.

Accordingly, then, the real problem in many cases of recorded miraculous events is no longer, Did they happen? But, admitting (as it must be admitted) that an observer of proven competency



and reliability in other spheres believed firmly that they did happen, and failing to find any essential flaw in the evidence produced in support of their happening, is it necessary to postulate for them a cause differing in kind from those known causes already at work in the world? And in the careful examination of all analogous incidents, in the very restricted field of experiment, and in various other ways, an answer to this question must be sought.

Now it is quite possible that as the field of knowledge widens, miracles may be explained without reference to any cataclysmic irruption of forces beyond those manifested by God in His stable methods of ordering and governing all that is. Or it may be that in the case of some of Christ's own miraculous doings, His unique spiritual and

moral Personality was an essential cause, and that these doings will consequently remain for ever in a class by themselves. But, however this may be, one feels most strongly in connexion with the whole subject, that it is along the lines of explanation rather than along the lines of wholesale excision that advance is most probable.

Apply, then, to all documents the strict canons of pure historical criticism. Establish the probability of all facts by precisely similar criteria. And then let physical science or any other branch of knowledge deal with these facts by way of explanation. We shall be often mistaken, sometimes deceived. But it is better to gain one item of positive knowledge than to entirely shut out the possibility of doing so by categorical exclusion on wholly insufficient grounds.

## The Church after the War.

BY THE REV. JOHN DOUGLAS, M.A., C.F.

To one who has returned from considerable periods of service among the troops in France, first as a worker in the Y.M.C.A. and subsequently as a chaplain, and returned in such a way as to give much leisure, in hospital and during convalescence, for reading and some thought, it has been of special interest to notice the discussion of the question, What is the Church to do, to meet worthily the men who come back from the war?

That such a question should be widely canvassed throughout the Church is in itself some sign of the needed awakening, and is good if, as seems the case, it betokens a sense of penitence and a desire for reform, a sense of the new time demanding readjustments in the Church's life and work.

It is felt, too, and not unnaturally, that from what is termed 'religion at the front' guidance is to be looked for by the leaders of the Churches who are to meet and win, if they may, the returning armies. It is not the purpose of the present writer to describe or analyze the religious situation among our men overseas, but to gather together one or two suggestions for that guidance of the Churches which they need, and which seem to arise from his experience as a minister of the Church and the gospel among those men.

In religious journals and elsewhere this problem of the Church after the War has presented itself often as a question of what the men who come back will want of the Church, to satisfy their requirements of what the Church, if they are to serve her, should be. And it is right that this side of the matter should not be left unconsidered. That great capacity for splendid loyalty, devoted service, moving self-sacrifice, and glorious comradeship, displayed by our men, the Church longs, and is in her place in the nation, to win. What, then, is the Church to be and to do which will attract to herself those men and all that loyalty, sacrifice, fellowship, service? Obviously we must not turn a deaf ear to the criticism and the demand which they may express.

But this is not by any means the main aspect of the problem, which lies rather in the question, What is it that the men, and all men, need of the Church in what we call the new time? not merely, What is it they want or ask for? For they may well ask sometimes, and others are asking on their behalf, for things which it is no part of the Church's essential business to provide.

Where and whence, then, is the needed movement of change to come? In what directions must it issue, to effect the ends desired?



I should answer, first, in the studies, and thence in the pulpits, of the Church's ministers, her priests and prophets.

We have heard for many years back the cry, from the pew and from without 'the bounds,' against 'doctrinal' preaching. The cry has met from too many pulpits with an all too facile response, and the vogue of what one may well call fancy texts and freak subjects came in, proving popular, let it be admitted, in not a few quarters, especially among a floating population of church-goers on Sunday evenings. Yet it is a fact, which I believe must now be recognized, that doctrine, dogma if you will, requires to be preached, both because it should be, and needs to be, and also because it will be wanted and listened to. And this will require of many of us a tremendous new discipline in our studies, a discipline involving—under, let us not forget, the leading and teaching of the Holy Spirit—hard reading and as clear thinking and simplicity of expression as we can achieve and command. And this should never be impossible. We have come to see, in startling revelations of the truth, that it matters everything what a man believes; and it is a supreme obligation lying upon the preacher of the Word that he should be a teacher and leader in the things which are to be believed among men. A carefully prepared and full-fed soil of doctrine, of dogmatic, must give strength and richness to our future preaching. And this does not involve our sermons becoming on the one hand misty abstractions, or on the other hand soulless and hard pronouncements of theology. The great audiences of men who listened breathlessly of nights, after days of the hardest toil, in Y.M.C.A. huts in France, to Professor Cairns of Aberdeen, as he spoke to them of the Reasonableness of the Christian Faith, and to lesser men than he in courses of apologetic lectures, even where the thud of the distant guns was in their ears, did not find doctrinal preaching uninteresting and not worth while. The very reverse was the case.

And ordinary men, doing honestly in the study, led by the Spirit of truth, must speak to their fellows of those things which are most certainly believed among us—the great facts and the urgent (for they are urgent) implications of the facts of the New Testament and the Church's development. So the Incarnation and the Cross and the Resurrection and the Holy Spirit and the Judg-

ment will come to their own, with life in all its aspects set in the light of them, in our pulpits. And men and women will listen, and in such numbers and in such a way, as perhaps they seldom listen to us now.

To cite one illustration of the need of all this: they will not hear any more, one may hope, the disastrously unethical sermons on the subject of the men who die in battle, to which they are so often subjected to-day; sermons which are subversive of both the grace and the righteousness of God, and which leave confusion worse confounded in the minds of thoughtful men and women, and minister to the shallow optimism of the thoughtless.

There is another direction in which many of us preachers must change within the sphere of the study and therefore of the pulpit: namely, in our outlook upon Social and World movements of our time.

This is not to say that our shelves are to be filled henceforth with volumes—the volumes few can afford to buy in any case—of economics, sociology, ethnology, international politics, and the rest. For that way the average preacher's business does not lie. But along the way of the Old Testament prophets, and along the way of the New Testament teaching and spirit of the Kingdom of God, there lie to the preacher's hand the things he must take up and declare about all the relationships in which men and communities and nations are to stand towards each other. And the preacher must make himself at least intelligent along these lines with regard to the Social and World movements of our time, not only because men and women will listen to the Christian message—it must be distinctively Christian—about these things, but also in order that, as a recent writer has put it, the Church may 'have a mind and so help the nation which so sorely needs it to have one too,' to express in these matters:

But the pulpit ministry of the Church is not the Church. And it is very far from being the case that the responsibility of what the Church shall be after the war rests wholly upon the shoulders of her ministers. A radical change is called for in 'the pew.' Of this let there be no doubt. The spirit of 'class,' the snobbish temper, the selfish fear of change and of new ideas, must be purged away. And the impression must be made by the average membership of the Church upon the



world, that here is a devoted fellowship of believers in God through Christ, and servants of Christ, worshipping Him in humble adoration and grateful love, and, further, out in the world as the Body of Christ on the great adventure of conquest for Him. It is when men, in observing and in coming into contact with the Church, get a sense of the life which is life indeed, a sense, too, of high and holy endeavour about her, a self-denying battle for God and love and all goodness—it is then that they will be drawn to yield to her their fellowship, loyalty, service, self-sacrifice.

All this, when one considers the timidity and fatal self-complacent respectability and selfish

temper characteristic of so much of our Church life, at least in the years out of which we are passing into a new era, may seem a change too drastic and towards a level too high. Perhaps all one may say here is that this thing can be only by prayer (much prayer) and, perhaps after all, by something akin to fasting, too. At anyrate, the effecting of changes such as have been sketched here will assuredly go far towards winning for the Church and her Lord the men she is to-day looking towards with longing eyes, will go far towards solving the problem of what she must be—for it is not so much a problem of what she is to do—after the war.

## In the Study.

### War.

TOWARDS AN ANTHOLOGY.

Professor J. A. Cramb.

THE question 'What is War?' has been variously answered, according as the aim of the writer is to illustrate its methods historically, or from the operations of the wars of the past to deduce precepts for the tactics or the strategy of the present, or as in the writings of Aristotle and Grotius, of Montesquieu and Bluntschli, to assign the limits of its fury, or fix the basis of its ethics, its distinction as just or unjust.

War, therefore, I would define as a phase in the life-effort of the State towards completer self-realization, a phase of the eternal *nisus*, the perpetual omnipresent strife of all being towards self-fulfilment.

Nietzsche.

Ye say it is a good cause which halloweth even war. I say unto you it is the good war that halloweth every cause.

War has achieved more than was ever achieved by love of one's neighbour.

General Sherman.

War is Hell.

Moltke.

War is the most devilish but also the most heroic of human things.

Treitschke.

War is of God, it is God's dreadful medicine.

Clausewitz.

War is an act of violence to compel our opponent to fulfil our will.

J. R. P. Sclater.

War is an evil thing—it was born of the devil and its birthplace was hell.

Principal P. T. Forsyth.

War is the greatest of all the awful and complex moral situations of the world—second only to the final judgment day.

Verestchagin.

War is the loss of all human sense; under its influence men become animals entirely. The artist looks always for passion, and passion is seen at its height on the battlefield. Every hour brings something new, something never seen before, something outside the range of ordinary human life. *It is the reversal of Christianity*, and for the artist, the author, and the philosopher it must always have a supreme interest. But what a foolish game it is.

Mazzini.

War is the greatest of crimes, when it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to enthrone or of a great lie to entomb.



Kant.

War is a deep-hidden and designed enterprise of supreme wisdom for preparing, if not for establishing, conformity to law amid the freedom of States, and with this a unity of a morally grounded system of those States.

Canon W. C. E. Newbolt.

War is a solemn judicial act, carrying with it the awful judgment of God, but scattering also blessings from its hand to the hearts of nations which have to be ruled with a rod of iron, while it is a hard teacher of grand virtues.

President A. Hopkins Strong.

War is duel and lynch-law on an enormous scale. And war is to be abolished just as we have abolished duel and lynch-law at the North.

Emile Boutroux.

War is destruction.

H. Fielding Hall.

War is the purifier of the spirit.

And war, internal or external, is the only escape from slavery, from the slavery of castes, religions, ideas which degrade and terrify, from cowardice spiritual and physical, from apathy, from that dry rot into which nations fall. No great awakening has ever come except by war. It is the great stimulant, spiritual and physical.

Machiavelli.

War is the only profession worthy of a prince.

W. R. Washington Sullivan.

By war we understand the appeal to *might* to decide a question of *right* between two or more civilized peoples, and of war thus defined I say that it is the great surviving infamy of our unmoral past, the persistence in us of animal instincts, of the ape and tiger which should long since have died out.

### The Seven Words.

#### IV.

Christ the Sin-bearer.

'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'—Mk 15<sup>34</sup>.

THE SIN-BEARER.

In the glare of midday, Jesus had been nailed to the cross. Thrice He spoke, and each time as

to the affairs of others. Then did He resign Himself to the fate for which He had been born. The curse of our race fell on His innocent spirit and wrapt it in gloom. An answering gloom buried the cross and its load of woe. The sun hid its face as if it dare not look and dare not let men look. In the sudden night at noon the mob cowered and ceased to speak. For three long hours the hush and the darkness held. Then eyes, of more than mortal grief, were lifted to the lowering sky; and the breaking heart sent forth the most sorrowful wail that ever rent the air. The unbearable desolation of Jesus' spirit found voice for itself in the words of a psalm familiar to Him from childhood; and He uttered them in the very accent of His mother-tongue—'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?'

#### I.

#### THE DARKNESS.

1. It was not the darkness of night, for it began at twelve o'clock in the day. It was not the darkness of an eclipse, for it was then full moon, and it is only at the new moon that eclipses of the sun can take place. It was not the darkness for which we can find an astronomic reason, or any other natural cause.

Our Lord had entered into the final conflict. Let us reverently think of this darkness and this word which follows it. He died for the sins of the whole world, the punishment of them, the weight of them. 'The pains of hell came about me, the sorrows of death overtook me.' And He tasted death for every man. This is what the darkness meant—the blackness of the world's sin shutting out the light of God's presence: the coming together of all the powers of darkness to struggle with Him for the dominion of the world. So He alone must strive. He took our nature upon Him, that in it He might fight the battle and win the victory. By man came death, so by man alone came the victory over death.

¶ The folds of a great black pall dropped mysteriously over all the scene from the sixth to the ninth hour, when the Hand that threw it on, lifted it off. How it was, we know not; how long it was in coming or in going, we know not; how far it spread, we know not; but there are grounds for the belief that it was not over Jerusalem only. Some say that notes of it are to be found in Chinese Chronicles. It is reported that it reached Egypt, that the astronomer Dionysius said when he saw it, 'Either the gods are suffering, or



the mechanism of the world is tumbling into ruins'; that it darkened over the obelisk of Heliopolis.<sup>1</sup>

2. There are hours of darkness when 'the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world' appear almost intolerable; when our own hearts and lives are touched with sorrows that make everything black as midnight; or when we ourselves feel what it is to face death, and we are overwhelmed by the sense of the unknown, and all things look curtained by doubt and uncertainty. It may be that we are not altogether unbelieving, but we long for a surer confidence. In spite of ourselves, shadows rest upon us that are weird and awful.

What then? Have we not Christ with us in all these trials? His hour was darker far than ours. It was an hour which wrung the cry from lips that had never before breathed but sweetest prayer, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' In spite of all, He believed in God, and He has taught us to believe in Him also. The cry of agony was quickly followed by the prayer of peaceful surrender, and He would lead us also to commit all to the same Father.

¶ How we should thank our Lord for speaking this Word, which shows us that He was indeed 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin'; that He in His human nature experienced all our sorrows and trials; so that He can fully sympathize with us. But more than this—He not only shows us that He had this trial, but in this Word He teaches us how to meet it. The words themselves are the inspired utterance of the Psalmist expressing the perplexity which we often feel in regard to God's providential dealings with us, especially in that large class of experiences which make us feel as though God had indeed forsaken us.<sup>2</sup>

## II.

### THE CRY.

1. It is remarkable that Jesus in this cry used the Aramaic word for 'my God'—Eloi. The Greek-speaking Jews from the provinces who were there, not understanding the word but catching the sound of its first syllable 'El,' thought He was calling to Elijah for help, and said so. The sacred writers set down the unusual words just as He uttered them, partly to account for this mistake, and partly because their actual tones and sounds were dear to them, and were always fresh in their memory.

<sup>1</sup> C. Stanford, *Voices from Calvary*, 129.

<sup>2</sup> A. G. Mortimer, *The Chief Virtues of Man*, 62.

But why did Jesus use the Aramaic instead of quoting the Septuagint, as He did on other occasions? One reason for this may have been naturalness. He used words familiar in His early village life, as human nature, in its last extremity, is apt to drop into the dialect of its childhood. Another reason, yet more touching, is that the Greek translation in common use does not give the precise force of the Hebrew word for 'God' employed in the verse He quoted. Just then, when he was being 'crucified in weakness,' it was the very word for 'God' that He wanted—the word 'El,' which signifies strength, and is the name for God as the Mighty One. His cry was, 'My Strength, My Strength.' Although in that hour of darkness He does not utter the happy cry, 'My Father,' He, as the perfect man, clung fast to His rock, held on through all the blows of 'the waves and billows'; and, even in this short burst of language in agony, applied to God the word 'My' twice over, appropriating the 'Living Strength' as His very own.

¶ Elijah or Elias who was carried from earth without having tasted death, in a fiery chariot to Paradise, was regarded by the Jews as the conductor of the souls of the just to the place of repose, the bosom of Abraham, or Paradise. He was also regarded as the great helper in time of difficulty. The Jews to this day have the notion that he appears in different times and places to assist those who need help. No doubt the soldiers had heard this superstition; and when they saw Jesus faint and sinking with exhaustion, they misunderstood His cry to God as an invocation to Elias to come and help him, either by taking Him down from the cross, or by taking His soul and bearing it away to Paradise.

I do not think that the words of the soldiers were spoken in mockery. They were probably awed by the darkness, and we see, directly after, a soldier in pity put the vinegar to the lips of Christ, offering Him a draught which may shorten His sufferings. No; I think the words indicate a misapprehension and an expression of curiosity. It is as though they said in full, 'Well, we have heard over and over again these Jews say that when they die the Prophet Elias comes and takes their spirits to Paradise. Now this dying man has called Elias to his aid, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come and save him from further agony.'<sup>3</sup>

2. God is in Christ, revealing on the cross His infinite, His unimaginable love for man. But the voice is a man's voice like our own. And the words are those which a man spoke, one like ourselves, looking up out of the depths, out of the blackness and despair of pain and grief, into the dumb sky. It is all real—terribly, tragically real. Jesus feels that God has forsaken Him. And the

<sup>3</sup> S. Baring-Gould, *The Seven Last Words*, 52.



question which He asks is the ancient question which men have asked in tears, in anger, in amazement, since the world began.

(1) Are we to see in these words the last temptation of the martyr? As he looks back upon the life that he is leaving, and looks forward past the cross or the fire or the sword to the slow and doubtful issues of the great warfare in the future, the martyr must sometimes ask himself, 'Is it worth while? Is my blood really wanted?' Sometimes even he must ask himself, 'Am I quite sure?' It is the doubt that unnerved Cranmer till almost the last, when God gave him courage; the doubt that drove Jewel into recantation, to the everlasting shame of those who forced those true martyrs into that sin. But we cannot put that interpretation upon this cry of our Lord in His Agony. We cannot explain that cry as a momentary failing of human courage or human conviction. Every line of the Gospel forbids us to do so.

(2) This was not the cry of a man oppressed with the conviction of failure in his work. It was not the complaining expostulation of a man who rebelled against God's dealings with him, or called them unbelievably in question. It was not the defeated cry of a man who shrank back when he came into close combat with the last enemy, when he felt the power of the night, reached the post of the foe, and heard the fiend voices raving for their prey. These feelings were all laid and conquered, in the garden of Gethsemane.

(3) It is the God-forsaken cry—forsaken of God. All His martyrs have had God with them. The three children in the furnace had God with them there. His saints have always felt the presence of their Lord with them, and His martyrs have died in joy because they have felt that the Lord was with them. But the Chief of Martyrs, our Lord Jesus Christ, must taste of the greatest agony of all—that is, being God-forsaken. Mind you, He never for one moment lost His faith in the Father; He said, '*My God, my God,*' but He did feel God-forsaken—'why hast thou forsaken me?' He had to be brought to this; it was the depth of the Passion—He was forsaken of man, forsaken of His disciples, and He must feel forsaken of God.

(4) It is the cry of the sin-bearer; the revelation of the love of the Father, which spared His Son for such unutterable and woful anguish; the cry which still vibrates in the conscience of the world. There is no despair in it, only the murmur of an

inexpressible sadness; there is no complaint in it; a perfect human nature must in some way express itself. He still clung to God, whom He called His own God, and it was the felt preciousness of the presence of Him in whose favour is life that made Him wonder and mourn, and then ask, out of a heart which reproach had broken, why, in that supreme moment of perfect and willing self-surrender to that Father's holy will, the sustaining consciousness of His presence should have been removed?

¶ There is a moment in every death when the soul is almost overwhelmed. Death appears so cruel and so stern. It has been said that there is nothing so commonplace as death, and yet nothing so terribly original. Is it not true? We know that death is the end of our life, yet that knowledge does not help us to face it. It comes to each one of us as a novelty, a shock, something unexpected. No amount of past experience of the history of others takes away from us, or from our own sensations, some sense of wrong, some sense of terror—the grimness, the sternness, and the cruelty of it.

But that does not exhaust the meaning of the cry on the Redeemer's lips. For Jesus, though He died as man, died also as the Christ; and though man feels physical pain, Jesus felt spiritual sorrow in a way that mere man could not be called upon to feel it. It is for ourselves we die; and it is by ourselves we die; and we bear our own pains only; and we feel there is enough—too much, indeed—to endure. But Jesus died bearing the sins of the world. There was the horror of all the sin that brought Him to the cross, when He came to face death and bear the weight of all the sins of the world upon Him; because to His sensitive nature there was present in that death all that had led to it, all the weight of sin which imposed it upon Him.<sup>1</sup>

### III.

#### THE DERELICTION.

The word 'forsaken,' however we explain it, has an awful sound, and in our Lord's case it had also a special history, for He was first betrayed by one of the Twelve, then deserted by the majority of the rest, and finally denied by St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, himself; and now in the very moment of death the experience presents itself in the most awful shape of all, and the Eternal Father Himself seems to turn His face away.

1. How could God forsake Him? How could He doubt whether God had forsaken Him? How could He make us suppose that His trust in God was shaken? Surely it was not that; surely those are not the words of despair and mistrust. What they fully mean, it would be dangerous to ask, for

<sup>1</sup> M. Creighton, *Lessons from the Cross*, III.



they are the words of the Incarnate Son of God in man's nature. But no more comforting words than they, to our poor, weak, fainting nature, were spoken on the cross. Who does not faint and sink under the cross which God lays on him? Who does not sometimes feel that he is alone in the world, with none to help him, none to uphold him? Who does not feel sometimes as if even the comfort and hope of religion are not enough to bear him up? And yet does it not seem as if none but the faithless and the despairing could have such doubts, could feel such desolation? Oh, let us thank our merciful Saviour that He has shown us that these words, which are sometimes forced by trouble from our lips, need not be words of impatience and unbelief.

¶ This endurance of the feeling of abandonment and spiritual desolation is to us another token of the love 'unto the end' of our Lord and Saviour. This sense of alienation from God is one which is felt by many of God's elect.<sup>1</sup>

2. There is nothing sinful in this desolation and darkness. Our Lord's experience proves this. There can be no doubt that the great lesson which this word from the cross teaches us is the power of sin to separate from God and the utter darkness and misery which come from that separation. It was only the shadow of separation which fell on our Saviour, and how terrible was the suffering it caused! only the shadow of separation, for God forsakes those only who forsake Him.

¶ He felt the full weight of the Heavenly Father's wrath, so that I should be saved from it. Nay further, He felt it, in order that I should feel the full weight of His Sacrifice, and of His Love.<sup>2</sup>

3. It was necessary for Jesus to endure in His own Person the extreme consequences of sin. Of course, many of the consequences of sin Jesus could not endure in the very nature of the case. But when we ask ourselves what is intrinsically the worst consequence of sin, the answer we must give is this—the worst thing that sin does for us is that it separates the soul from God; it makes fellowship with God who is Light no longer possible to the man who lives in the darkness of sin. Jesus had therefore to pass through that experience; it was necessary to realize the sense of separation from God.

¶ In this is to be found the key to this desolate cry. Whatever may be left unexplained and unveiled, one thing

is made manifest—it was sin that was at the root of it, the sin of others, for which He atoned.<sup>3</sup>

4. But the darkness soon passed. The Father heard and answered. Into the consciousness of the Saviour a Presence came that changed His consciousness of desertion and loss into one of victory and peace. And this consciousness lives in the sayings that are His last. One breathes the serenest resignation, the most holy and beautiful trust, like the smile that comes across the face of the dying in response to greetings not of this world—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' The other welcomes the end, celebrates the triumph, proclaims that the death accomplished is the work done—'It is finished.' In the first He confesses that God has not forsaken Him, that the eternal hands are round His spirit and the eternal face brooding over His uplifted soul; in the second He declares that sin is not victorious, that its evil has but helped the completion of His work.

¶ What shall we learn from this word of the Son of Man? Like all the other words from the cross it helps us to understand a little of the mind of Christ. And it seems to show us that His victory in the hour of darkness and desolation depended upon His close and imperishable fellowship with God, unbroken though not fully realized at the supreme moment. The terror of death which comes to every son of man overshadowed Him too, in far more awful shape than it can ever come to us. But as He overcame, so may we, if so be that God is *our* God, One whom we have known and trusted in the days of our strength. If we can pray, 'My God,' we shall not be forsaken at the last, however dim our vision of His protecting love. But so to pray in death, we must learn the prayer in life.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> J. B. Wilkinson, *Mission Sermons*, iii. 163.

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## Virginibus Puerisque.

### I.

#### Making a Fresh Start.

(New Year, 1917).

'Dead, and . . . alive again,'—Lk 15<sup>32</sup>.

I feel sure that every boy and girl here likes making fresh starts.

Don't you love getting a new drawing-book? The clean pages just look as if they waited for your pictures. You toss the old one carelessly aside; you feel you are done with it. That is a pity, I think; old drawing-books are most interesting. Take my advice and begin keeping yours.

I looked into one the other day. I learned many things from it, and they all had to do with a boy called John. He had a real taste for drawing; I saw that at once. 'John has the making of an artist in him,' I said to myself at page number one. His mother had told me that he had had no lessons, yet he seemed to be able to do wonderful things with his pencil. You should have seen the soldiers in that first page. There was very little drawing in the picture: the men were just put in with a few strokes, yet, how they ran! There were certainly artistic abilities in John; but before I had turned over a few more leaves I discovered that he was first of all a boy, a boy too like a great many others. He liked making fresh starts, and he was inclined to stop there.

I knew another clever boy. He was much older than John—almost a man, in fact. I shall give him the name of Fred. He also liked drawing.

But he *loved* painting. There was colour in it, and the more Fred studied the colours of nature, and the colours of things around him, the more fascinated he became. He made up his mind that one day he would be a great artist, and managed somehow to persuade his father to allow him to become a student at one of our finest art schools. When he started to work there, everything was new to him; he had never felt so happy. One thing annoyed him, however; and I believe some of you boys will be calling him names in your own mind when I tell you what that thing was. He could not stand the colour of the wall-paper in his bedroom! The lady in whose house Fred lived had taken a great liking to him. Fred easily persuaded her to agree to a new paper being hung. 'I will do it myself,' he said, 'if you simply allow me to choose the colouring.' He chose a plain brown cartridge paper. Artists all like it, because it shows up their pictures so well. Fred had managed to collect not a few fine sketches, so when the room was finished even the lady who had to pay all the expenses was pleased. She quoted—'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' And Fred was happy. When he left his public school, his father had sent him into an office, and he disliked it. Now he had made a fresh start; he had begun to live.

But a month or two passed, and Fred was 'slacking.' Another month, and he had ceased to care for his pretty room. When I saw it, everything lay about in great disorder. The fine sketches were on the walls, but at once one could tell that it was the room of a fellow who 'didn't care.' He made another fresh start. You will be glad to hear that he is now getting on famously. Where do you think he is learning the great lessons of life? On the battlefield.

New surroundings do help us to make fresh starts. Why, even if a little girl but gets a new dress, a new hat, and new shoes, she feels she is somebody more important than when she wore her old clothes. But new clothes may have a better effect than that. They may make a girl feel that she wants to be tidy, to help mother, to be a *real* lady. I once told you a story about a May Queen. Let me tell you a little bit of it again. Her mother had given her a new white dress for the occasion. 'Mother,' she said, when she came home in the afternoon, 'I felt very, very happy all day, and I am going to try not to dirty my dresses any more.' Boys are just like girls, only *different*.



What boy does not feel he is a new sort of being when he puts on his first sports' outfit? It is getting up a step, and he makes all sorts of good resolutions.

Now, think of how well Jesus Christ understood us. The most beautiful story in the New Testament is about a fresh start. A young man went away into the far country, and tried to forget his home, but could not. He fell very low indeed, and when at last he 'came to himself' and returned to his father, who had never ceased to love him, one of the first things the father did was to call for the best robe in the house, the ring of sonship, and new shoes, and I believe he dressed his erring boy with his own hands.

Boys and girls, we are about to enter a New Year. All over the world the New Year is spoken of as a time for making fresh starts. Even in far away India, where the boys and girls get bewildered over the number of gods they are told about, there is a New Year goddess. 'Her work is to look into every house on New Year's Day to see whether all is clean and in order. If she finds a dirty house she will send bad luck all through the year. A week before she comes everybody is cleaning, cleaning; all the dark corners are swept out; all the walls and the doorways are painted in grand patterns; all the idols are washed. Little girls wear their best dresses then and put marigolds in their hair; fathers and mothers and all are clean and grand. Then all the lamps are lit so that *Lakshmi* may see into the corners, and everybody keeps the *Feast of Lamps* and makes holiday.'

In our country—we may say in the world's history—there has never been a New Year like the one that is coming. 'Make a fresh start with the New Year.' You have heard these words before. But with the dawn of 1917 upon us the older people are praying, 'Lord, help us all to make a fresh start.' They are in dead earnest, for they think of their country and its sorrows. The careless peace they look back upon now seems almost like death, and they are realizing that the only hope for the future of the nations is in God, and—shall I say it?—in the boys and girls. They know that you are to be the men and women of our Empire when the new start has been made.

What can you do? There were days at school in 1916 when you yourselves felt that you were mean and spiteful. You lost your temper; you

had unkind and suspicious thoughts about your schoolfellows. Make a fresh start to-day by asking God to help you to be true, and noble, and kind, and good. As citizens, there is a great work waiting for you—a work that will need all the earnestness of which you are capable, and you cannot wait till you are grown up to acquire it.

You will be happy in being earnest. You will play your games all the better, you will be better sons and daughters, you will be better brothers and sisters, you will be better schoolfellows. There is not a man of us who does not wish he was in your place, and could live to see what God has in store for us. We believe it is something good. Boys and girls, try to deserve it; then even in making the effort the New Year will be a happy one for you—happy in the highest and best sense.

## II.

### A Fool's-Cap.

'I have played the fool.'—I S 26<sup>21</sup>.

'Fools for Christ's sake.'—I Co 4<sup>10</sup>.

Long ago there used to hang in my bedroom prints of two pictures by the famous artist Sir David Wilkie. They were both pictures of a schoolroom, but they were very different pictures. In the first the schoolmaster is present and all the boys are looking so busy over their tasks. But in the second the master is absent and the boys are having a high old time.

In these pictures, there was one boy who always used to attract my attention—the boy with the fool's-cap. He is the dunce of the class and he is seen sitting in the background wearing a tall cone-shaped paper-cap and looking very cross. Now-a-days boys are not punished in that way. If they don't know their lessons they get a caning, or are kept after hours, or have so many lines to write. But I don't know that the fool's-cap isn't rather a good idea after all, for the boy who won't learn his lessons is a good bit of a fool. He is punishing himself more than anybody else and will have to pay for his laziness later. He well deserves to wear the fool's-cap.

But what would you say supposing I told you that we all have to wear a fool's-cap? And yet that is true. We can't get away from being fools however hard we try. The question is, Which kind of fool are we going to be?

The Bible has quite a lot to say about fools, but



in the main there are just two kinds—the unwise fool and the wise fool. The first is the man who lives for himself, and who gives up everything for sin and selfish gratification; the second is the man who lives for others, and who gives up everything for Christ and righteousness' sake.

I want to speak to-day about two men in the Bible who owned that they were fools. One of them was a foolish fool, and the other was a wise fool.

1. The first man's name was Saul—Saul, the first king of Israel. Saul began life well. He was a fine man, head and shoulders above all the people. He was clever, and brave, and chivalrous, and seemed 'every inch a king.' But Saul had one big fault—he had no self-control. He allowed pride, and self-will, and envy to master him, and they led him on to ruin. It was because he lost control of himself that he forfeited his kingship. It was because he allowed the wicked passion of jealousy to master him that he tried to kill David and his own son Jonathan. And near the end of his life, when he looked back in one of his better moments on the way sin had led him, he cried out in bitter remorse, 'Behold, I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly.'

Sooner or later sin makes fools of us all, as it did with King Saul. Often it looks very fair and pleasant at first, but that is just a way it has. If we saw it in all its ugliness we should not be so ready to follow it. There is a proverb which says, 'Sin begins like a spider's web, and ends like a cart-ropes.' It begins by binding us with a tiny thread which a baby could break, but it ends by making slaves of us.

And so any boy or girl who is allowing bad temper, or love of self, or love of ease, or any other fault to get the better of them is just playing the fool. Any one who is allowing himself to be led away by bad companions is just playing the fool. And when sin has got us to playing the fool it sits down and laughs at us and lets us pay the consequences.

2. The other man I want to talk about was also called Saul, though his name was afterwards changed to Paul. But he was a very different kind of man from King Saul.

Saul of Tarsus began life as a Pharisee. He too was a young man of brilliant gifts, and all his friends prophesied great things of him. He was likely to rise to great esteem amongst the Pharisees,

and already he was a zealous persecutor of the Christians. But one day, on the road to Damascus, Saul met Jesus of Nazareth, and from that day forth he became a 'fool for Christ's sake.' He gave up his brilliant prospects. He gave up his comforts and his home to be a poor travelling missionary. Instead of persecuting, he was persecuted. He had to work hard to keep himself. Often he was hungry and thirsty, sometimes he was beaten, many times he was mocked at, and in the end he laid down his life for Christ's sake. Again and again his old friends among the Pharisees must have said, 'What a fool that young Saul is!'

But I think if you were asked to-day which was the greater fool—Saul of Tarsus, or Paul the Apostle—you would have no hesitation in answering. If Paul had remained a Pharisee we would scarcely have heard of him. As it is, he is known as the greatest Christian missionary. He did the grandest and noblest work that any man could do. He gave up much, but he gained things far more precious—the love and fellowship of Christ and a crown everlasting.

I want to tell you about two men who, like Paul, became 'fools for Christ's sake.' The first is Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. When he was a boy of fourteen or fifteen he was so impressed with the miseries of the poor that he resolved that he would devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless. When he grew up he entered Parliament, and from that time till the day of his death he espoused the cause of the oppressed, and especially of the poor children of England. Many a hard battle he fought in Parliament and out of it. Many an unpopular cause he took up. He fought for the over-worked factory hands, for the little children working in the mines, for the poor little boys who were sent up chimneys to sweep them, and for many other oppressed people. He was often bitterly opposed, but that did not seem to matter to him; he just held right on till people came round to his way of thinking:

But not only did he plead the cause of the poor; he gave his money and his time and himself to their service. In those days the slums of London were very terrible places, where many dark deeds were done. But Lord Shaftesbury had no fear. He went in and out among the people. He encouraged them, and helped them, and loved



them, until they came to love him in return. They looked upon him as a father, and called him 'our Earl,' and when he died rich and poor alike mourned for him as for their dearest friend.

Perhaps some of his friends may have called Lord Shaftesbury a fool to trouble himself about these people, but Britain would have been a great deal worse off and a great deal more miserable to-day if it had not been for his folly.

The other man I want to speak of is Father Damien. Father Damien was a young Belgian priest who heard of the awful misery that existed among a colony of lepers on the Island of Molokai, and he devoted his life to working among them. When he arrived at the island he found that not only were the lepers suffering from an awful and loathsome disease, but they were living as little better than beasts. The young priest set to work to improve things. Not only did he nurse the lepers, but he built them better houses, he gave them a better water-supply, he loved them, and he told them of God's love. And so from being little better than criminals the people came to be a self-respecting colony and children of God.

By and by Father Damien caught the terrible disease, and although he might have been cured by leaving the island, he would not desert the people he had loved and helped, and in the end he died. Some people might say Father Damien was a fool, and that he could have found good work to do elsewhere. But surely he was a very grand kind of fool, the kind we might all wish to become.

One word more. When the great European War broke out, Lord Kitchener called for men, and from workshop and office and university men came at his call and the call of duty and righteousness. Many of them gave up brilliant careers or good businesses, all of them took their lives in their hands. The world might call them fools. Yes, but they were glorious fools. Many of them have laid down their lives that we who were too young or too old to go might live.

Boys and girls, what are you going to do with these lives of yours that they have paid for with their lives? The future of England lies with you, and Christ has need of His soldiers too. Are you just going to 'play the fool' and squander your lives away, or will you, with all the noble soldiers of Jesus Christ, become 'fools for Christ's sake'?

## Point and Illustration.

### The Soul of Russia.

*The Soul of Russia* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d. net) is a great book. It may be that there is not an article in it that by itself can without exaggeration be called great. Yet the book is great. For it gives us, and that for the first time in all our contact with Russia, a sufficiently intimate and sufficiently varied account of the Russian character, to enable us to say that now we begin to know it. The contradictions of the Russian mind are obvious and enormous. Here they are all set forth in their bare contradictoriness; and we can weave them into a consistency which no longer perplexes us. The editor of the book acknowledges endless difficulties in the securing of the right contributors; her success is beyond anything that she could ever have set out for. The editor is Winifred Stephens.

Part of the supremacy of the book lies in its illustrations. In particular there is a series after Alexander Stelletsy's pictures which alone would have been the making of it. Let no one miss it. The Fund for Russian Refugees is to profit by its sale. The greatest profit will go to the purchaser.

By the way, there are some new anecdotes. This is one. It occurs in an article on 'The Russian Soldier,' by Colonel Peretts, a Russian Staff Officer. 'The soldier values his leader's care for him, and is in his turn eager to carry out his every wish, however arduous be the task required of him. In the moment of danger he will willingly sacrifice his life for such a leader. I personally know of an example of this in the case of one of my brother officers, Colonel Lukashevich. Lukashevich was, in 1877, in command of a company of the Irkutsk regiment. His company was one day despatched on a scouting expedition. Having reached a Turkish village, Lukashevich together with a non-commissioned officer walked on, his company remaining about fifty paces in the rear. They were already approaching the first building, when Lukashevich suddenly received on his back so violent a blow that he was unable to save himself from falling to the ground. A volley at that moment resounded from behind a fence, and his companion, who stood just behind him, fell with eleven wounds in his chest, while Lukashevich remained whole and unhurt. The non-commissioned officer, having suddenly remarked some Turks behind the fence, anticipating their shots,



had thrown his officer to the ground and himself received the bullets intended for his leader. The company, hearing the volley and seeing their leader prone upon the ground, hereupon ran up with a shout and quickly routed the Turks and took the village.'

### Eternity in the Heart.

'He hath set eternity in their heart.'—Ec 3<sup>11</sup>.

'The author meant to say that God has not only assigned to each, individually, his appointed place in history, but that He has also established in man an impulse leading him beyond that which is temporal toward the eternal: it lies in his nature not to be contented with the temporal, but to break through the limits which it draws round him, to escape from the bondage, and amid the ceaseless changes of time to console himself by directing his thoughts to eternity. This is the uniform meaning of the word in this book. Chap. i. 4, 10, ii. 16, iii. 14, ix. 6, xii. 5. The thought expressed is, not that of the hope of immortality, but rather the sense of the infinite which precedes it, and out of which at last it grows.'

A new exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes has been published. The author is the Rev. Minos Devine, M.A. The title is *Ecclesiastes; or, The Confessions of an Adventurous Soul* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). It is a book of excellent scholarship, and not Biblical scholarship only, but also Classical—although classical scholarship is not so necessary to the interpretation of Ecclesiastes as it was once believed to be. It is also a book of insight into the heart of man. Mr. Devine follows Koheleth in his doleful pilgrimage—not without sorrow of heart. He is anxious above all things that we should not measure him by that standard of life and faith which we owe to Christ. At the end of the exposition are found some detached notes in which matters of moment are discussed. From one of these notes is taken the quotation about eternity in the heart.

### Viscount Bryce on St. Paul.

Mr. Basil Mathews, M.A., has produced a work of art on St. Paul. For his book *Paul the Dauntless* (Partridge; 10s. 6d. net) is just as successful an effort of the creative imagination as was Holman

Hunt's 'Scapegoat'; and like Holman Hunt he went to Palestine to obtain the local colour. Mr. Mathews writes a book for the people—we might say for 'the man in the street,' if we could believe that that mythical person is interested in St. Paul. He has not written, he says, for scholars. How easy it would have been for him to spin a popular story out of his reading and reflecting. But so he would not have been the Pre-Raphaelite he is. This is as good for the learned as for the unlearned. We can never have too much actuality in the life of a real man like St. Paul. It is no crude realism; it is, as we have said, a work of the creative imagination. The illustrations are Pre-Raphaelite also, and most illuminating.

The book has had the honour of a review by the hand of Viscount Bryce. The review appears in *The Laymen's Bulletin* for November. What Lord Bryce thinks of the book we need not quote—he thinks very well of it. We shall quote what he thinks of St. Paul:

'Sometimes one feels as if St. Paul and his career opened a new period in history. He marks the beginning of a time when the interest of mankind was shifting away from those political questions which had occupied their thought in earlier days, at least in politically developed countries like the Greek and Italian cities, to a new sphere of action and feeling—to inward religion and to ecclesiastical organization. From his time onwards we feel that the real currents of life in the ancient world are rather ecclesiastical and religious than political. We discover the great minds more and more among ecclesiastical writers. After Tacitus, who was a younger contemporary of St. Paul, we find no really great secular Roman writer (unless, of course, we include the illustrious Roman lawyers) down to the days of Claudian and Boethius. St. Paul is thus a predecessor of the famous Greek and Latin fathers of the Church, such as St. Basil, St. Jerome, St. Augustine. The doctrinal questions which were discussed by these writers, and debated at the five first General Councils, were questions which laid more hold on the thoughts and emotions of the masses in the later Roman world than did those questions which had occupied the Greeks of classical times, and the Romans in the days of the Republic and the earlier Empire. This fact gives to Paul of Tarsus a sort of unique historical position. It is one of the tests of a man's greatness to think of what

mankind would have been if he had not lived. How different might the course of Christian thought and of ecclesiastical history have been if St. Paul had never been born or if he had never seen the vision on his way from Jerusalem to Damascus!

### A Holy Life.

What is a Holy Life as defined in God's Holy Word?

(a) It is a hidden life.—'Your life is hid with Christ in God' (Col. iii. 3).

(b) It is an open life, known and read of all men.—'Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men' (2 Cor. iii. 2).

(c) It is a crucified life.—'I have been crucified with Christ, yet I live' (Gal. ii. 20).

(d) It is a risen life.—'If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things which are above' (Col. iii. 1).

(e) It is a life lived in the love of God.—'Keep yourselves in the love of God' (Jude 21).

(f) It is a life lived in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.—'That life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God' (Gal. ii. 20).

(g) It is a life that walks in Christ.—'As therefore ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him, rooted and builded up in Him' (Col. ii. 6).

(h) It is a life lived in the Spirit: of walking in the Spirit; led of the Spirit; strengthened by the Spirit. 'If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk' (Gal. v. 25). 'Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh' (Gal. v. 16). 'If ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law' (Gal. v. 18). 'Strengthened with power through His Spirit' (Ephes. iii. 16).

(i) It is a life of active service.—'Working together with Him' (2 Cor. vi. 1). 'Perfect in every good work to do His will' (Heb. xiii. 20).

(j) It is a life of witness.—'Thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord' (Rom. x. 9). 'Ye shall be My witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth' (Acts i. 8).

That is the opening of a very profitable book on *The Secrets of a Holy Life* (Allenson; 1s. net) which has been written by the Rev. Richard Wood-Samuel. The secrets are Self-knowledge, Purity, Continuance, Sustenance, and Power. One after another these secrets are disclosed and

made desirable by illustration and earnest entreaty.

### Laughter.

'And a time to laugh,' says Koheleth. But is this such a time? Mr. Edwin Pugh affirms that it is. And he has produced *A Book of Laughter* (Palmer & Hayward; 6s. net) to prove it. Well, it depends on the cause and the character of the laughter. To God Himself is laughter attributed, and just at such a time as this, the Psalmist being the authority. Mr. Pugh would have us laugh with God at the folly of the nations that set themselves against Him. And he would have us laugh the more merry laughter of human wit and humour. For he would have us imitate the soldiers who go to the front. When we are asked, Are we down-hearted? he would have us answer 'No'! Here are two of the shortest things to quote:

'Your husband is a martyr to dyspepsia, I believe?' And she replied: 'Not exactly. He has the dyspepsia all right. But I am the martyr.'

'I saw one of the inmates wheeling a barrow from the building to a pile of stones. There was nothing remarkable in that, but he wheeled the barrow upside down, and I asked him why.

"Because," said he, "that's the best way."

'I took the barrow from him with a smile and turned it the proper side up, and said: "That's the right way to do it."

"That's all you know," said he. "Last time I tried it that way they filled it full of bricks."

These examples are right enough, but the book is better.

### A Pair of Boots.

Many a sermon has been preached on the Christian's armour. We have lately received a volume of sermons on it by one of the greatest of our preachers, Dr. J. H. Jowett. But the sermon which Mr. F. W. Boreham preaches in his new book, *Faces in the Fire* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net), is unique. As with all the sermons in all Mr. Boreham's books, the text is embedded in the sermon. We find it sometimes in the introduction; just as often in the peroration. This is the sermon:

There seems to be very little in a pair of boots.



—except, perhaps, a pair of feet—until a great crisis arises; and in a great crisis all things assume new values. When the war broke out, and empires found themselves face to face with destiny, the nations asked themselves anxiously how they were off for boots. When millions of men began to march, boots seemed to be the only thing that mattered. The manhood of the world rose in its wrath, reached for its boots, buckled on its sword, and set out for the front. And at the front, if Mr. Kipling is to be believed, it is all a matter of boots.

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front of you;  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again;  
Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watching 'em,  
An' there's no discharge in the war.

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—  
Oh—my—God—keep—me from going lunatic!  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!  
An' there's no discharge in the war.

We—can—stick—out—'unger, 'thirst, an' weariness,  
But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!  
An' there's no discharge in the war.

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company.  
But—night—brings—long—strings o' forty thousand million  
Boots—boots—boots—boots—moving up and down again!  
An' there's no discharge in the war.

A soldier sees enough pairs of boots in a ten-mile march to last him half a lifetime.

Yet, after all, are not these the most amiable things beneath the stars, the things that we treat with derision and contempt in days of calm, but for which we grope with feverish anxiety when the storm breaks upon us? They go on, year after year, bearing the obloquy of our toothless little jests; they go on, year after year, serving us none

the less faithfully because we deem them almost too mundane for mention; and then, when they suddenly turn out to be a matter of life and death to us, they serve us still, with never a word of reproach for our past ingratitude. If the world has a spark of chivalry left in it, it will offer a most abject apology to its boots.

It would do a man a world of good, before putting on his boots, to have a good look at them. Let him set them in the middle of the hearthrug, shining toes turned carefully towards him, and then let him lean forward in his armchair, elbows on knees and head on hands, and let him fasten on those boots of his a contrite and respectful gaze. And looking at his boots thus attentively and carefully he will see what he has never seen before. He will see that a pair of boots is one of the master achievements of civilization. A pair of boots is one of the wonders of the world, a most cunning and ingenious contrivance. Dan Crawford in *Thinking Black*, tells us that nothing about Livingstone's equipment impressed the African mind so profoundly as the boots he wore. 'Even to this remote day,' Mr. Crawford says, 'all around Lake Mweru they sing a "Livingstone" song to commemorate that great "path-borer," the good Doctor being such a federal head of his race that he is known far and near as Ingeresa, or "The Englishman." And this is his memorial song:

Ingeresa, who slept on the waves,  
Welcome him, for he hath no toes!  
Welcome him, for he hath no toes!

That is to say, revelling in paradox as the negro does, he seized on the facetious fact that this wandering Livingstone, albeit he travelled so far, had no toes—that is to say, had *boots*, if you please! Later on, Mr. Crawford remarks again that the barefooted native never ceases to wonder at the white man's boots. To him they are a marvel and a portent, for, instead of thinking of the boot as merely covering the foot that wears it, his idea is that those few inches of shoe carpet the whole forest with leather. He puts on his boots, and by doing so he spreads a gigantic runner of linoleum across the whole continent of Africa. Here is a philosophical way of looking at a pair of boots! It has made my own boots look differently ever since I read it. Why, these boots on the hearthrug, looking so reproachfully up at me, are

millions of times bigger than they seem! They look to my poor distorted vision like a few inches of leather; but as a matter of fact they represent hundreds of miles of leather matting. They make a runner, paving the path from my quiet study to the front doors of all my people's homes; they render comfortable and attractive all the highways and byways along which duty calls me. Looked at through a pair of African eyes, these British boots assume marvellous proportions. They are touched by magic and are wondrously transformed. From being contemptible, they now appear positively continental. I am surprised that the subject has never appealed to me before.

Now this African way of looking at a pair of boots promises us a key to a phrase in the New Testament that has always seemed to me like a locked casket. John Bunyan tells us that when the sisters of the Palace Beautiful led Christian to the armoury he saw such a bewildering abundance of boots as surely no other man ever beheld before or since! They were shoes that would never wear out; and there were enough of them, he says, to harness out as many men for the service of their Lord as there be stars in the heaven for multitude. Bunyan's prodigious stock of shoes is, of course, an illusion to Paul's exhortation to the Ephesian Christians concerning the armour with which he would have them to be clad. 'Take unto you the whole armour of God . . . and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.'

Whenever we get into difficulties concerning this heavenly panoply, we turn to good old William Gurnall. Master Gurnall beat out these six verses of Paul's into a ponderous work of fourteen hundred pages, bound in two massive volumes. One hundred and fifty of these pages deal with the footgear recommended by the apostle; and Master Gurnall gives us, among other treasures, 'six directions for the helping on of this spiritual shoe.' But we must not be betrayed into a digression on the matter of shoe-horns and kindred contrivances. Shoemaker, stick to thy last! Let us keep to this matter of boots. Can good Master Gurnall, with all his hundred and fifty closely printed pages on the subject, help us to understand what Paul and Bunyan meant? What is it to have your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace? What are the shoes that never wear out? Now the striking thing is that Master Gurnall looks at

the matter very much as the Africans do. He turns upon himself a perfect fusillade of questions. What is meant by the gospel? What is meant by peace? Why is peace attributed to the gospel? What do the feet here mentioned import? What grace is intended by that 'preparation of the gospel of peace' which is here compared to a shoe and fitted to these feet? And so on. And in answering his own questions, and especially this last one, good Master Gurnall comes to the conclusion that the spiritual shoe which he would fain help us to put on is 'a gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit.' And his hundred and fifty crowded pages on the matter of footwear give us clearly to understand that the man who puts on this beautiful spirit will be able to walk without weariness the stoniest roads, and to climb without exhaustion the steepest hills. He shall tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shall he trample under feet. In slimy bogs and on slippery paths his foot shall never slide; and in the day when he wrestles with principalities and powers, and with the rulers of the darkness of this world, his foothold shall be firm and secure. 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be.' Master Gurnall's teaching is therefore perfectly plain. He looks at this divine footwear much as the Africans looked at Livingstone's boots. The man whose feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace has carpeted for himself all the rough roads that lie before him. The man who knows how to wear this 'gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit' has done for himself what Sir Walter Raleigh did for Queen Elizabeth. He has already protected his feet against all the miry places of the path ahead of him. If good Master Gurnall's 'six directions for the helping on of this spiritual shoe' will really assist us to be thus securely shod, then his hundred and fifty pages will yet prove more precious than gold-leaf.

Bunyan speaks of the amazing exhibition of footgear that Christian beheld in the armoury as '*shoes that will not wear out.*' I wish I could be quite sure that Christian was not mistaken. John Bunyan has so often been my teacher and counsellor on all the highest and weightiest matters that it is painful to have to doubt him at any point. The boots may have looked as though they would never wear out; but, as all mothers know, that is a way that boots have. In the shoemaker's hands they



always look as though they would stand the wear and tear of ages ; but put them on a boy's feet and see what they will look like in a month's time ! I am really afraid that Christian was deceived in this particular. Paul says nothing about the everlasting wear of which the shoes are capable ; and the sisters of the Palace Beautiful seem to have said nothing about it. I fancy Christian jumped too hastily to this conclusion, misled by the excellent appearance and sturdy make of the boots before him. My experience is that the shoes do wear out. The most 'gracious, heavenly, and excellent spirit' must be kept in repair. I know of no virtue, however attractive, and of no grace, however beautiful, that will not wear thin unless it is constantly attended to. My good friend, Master Gurnall, for all his hundred and fifty pages does not touch upon this point ; but I venture to advise my readers that they will be wise to accept Christian's so confident declaration with a certain amount of caution. The statement that 'these shoes will not wear out' savours rather too much of the spirit of advertisement ; and we have learned from painful experience that the language of an advertisement is not always to be interpreted literally.

One other thing these boots of mine seem to say to me as they look mutely up at me from the

centre of the hearthrug. Have they no history, these shoes of mine ? Whence came they ? And at this point we suddenly invade the realm of tragedy. The voice of Abel's blood cried to God from the ground ; and the voice of blood calls to me from my very boots. Was it a seal cruelly done to death upon a northern ice floe, or a kangaroo shot down in the very flush of life as it bounded through the Australian bush, or a kid looking up at its slaughterer with terrified, pitiful eyes ? What was it that gave up the life so dear to it that I might be softly and comfortably shod ? And so every step that I take is a step that has been made possible to me by the shedding of innocent blood. All the highways and byways that I tread have been sanctified by sacrifice. The very boots on the hearthrug are whispering something about redemption. And most certainly this is true of the shoes of which the apostle wrote, the shoes that trudge their weary way through Master Gurnall's hundred and fifty packed pages. These shoes could never have been placed at our disposal apart from the shedding of most sacred blood. My feet may be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace ; but, if so, it is only because the sacrifice unspeakable has already been made.

## The Third Chapter of Daniel.

BY THE REV. RAYNER WINTERBOTHAM, M.A., HON. CANON OF ST. MARY'S, EDINBURGH.

IT is astonishing to those who are testing for the first time the value of the process, how immensely the inspired Book of Daniel gains for the highest purposes of the preacher if he frankly accepts the (practically) unanimous verdict of scientific criticism as to its date and character. Internal evidence—strong, consistent, cumulative—fixes the date at 165 B.C. (within a year or two), and classifies the stories of the first six chapters as being (from a literary point of view) historical novels—founded upon fact, but fact very freely handled.

When one comes to think the matter out there is of course no sufficient reason why the Holy Spirit of inspiration should not have chosen the historical novel as a vehicle of revelation. It is with *character* and with *principles of action* that the

Divine Revelation is first of all concerned—and these are often just the subjects which are, in matters of this life, best handled in a really good historical novel. We know that the Holy Spirit 'spake by the prophets,' but we are only now learning that He spake by the prophets with a freedom which is all His own, and not under the narrow and pedantic limitations which we had wanted to prescribe to Him. It is the unexpected which happens in Scripture, as in ordinary life—and for the same underlying reason. Habitually we draw conclusions from far too narrow a range of past experience, and therefore our forecasts of the future are pretty sure to be wrong. Habitually we strive to apply the prosaic and doctrinaire standards of our modern and Western education to the

Truth of God—and are shocked to find it something very different from what we expected. But wisdom is bound to be justified of all her children.

Let us note some points in which this splendid chapter becomes more splendid still under the light of modern criticism.

### I. KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

He is by far the most interesting, and the most conspicuous, personage in the book. As we think of the book as a whole, it is *he* who dominates it—not Darius the Mede—not the swift and puissant Alexander of Macedon—nor the dull resistless legions of Rome who have already at the battle of Magnesia in the year 200 B.C. overthrown the greatest power of all the East. This is so plainly stated in the second chapter as to be unmistakable. The image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dreams 'whose brightness was excellent, and the form thereof terrible,' portended the fourfold succession of world empires which were to follow one another across the stage of history. Of these the Babylonian, represented by Nebuchadnezzar, and embodied (so to speak) in him, was the golden crown, the front and flower of the whole. They who came after—however great—were inferior to him, as silver is inferior to gold, as brass is inferior to silver, as iron is inferior to brass. 'Thou art that head of gold,' cried Daniel to the great king Nebuchadnezzar. Now these would certainly be the words of flattery, of a somewhat false and fulsome flattery, if they had been historically the words of the prophet to the king of Babylon. In the cold light of history the Babylonian empire appears almost insignificant as compared with the Medo-Persian which succeeded it: still more so as compared with the really vast dominion of Alexander. It is not the rôle of God's prophets to flatter kings, and to feed their pride with falsities—least of all was it Daniel's. But in the thoughts and feelings of the later Jews the figure of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, loomed up vast and portentous, matchless for honour and glory. As they looked back through the years, the centuries, he was a far more impressive, more spectacular, figure than 'Darius,' or Alexander, or any other. There was about him a sombre magnificence; there was, for all his pride and cruelty and heathenism, a certain largeness of heart and greatness of mind; above all, there was a certain reserve of mystery,—

which put him far above the rest. He had fought a duel *à outrance* with the God of heaven, and had gone under; but even in his fall he was vastly more interesting—was, in fact, greater—than any king of Persia or of Greece. The picture of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, as drawn in the early chapters of Daniel, is wonderfully impressive, wonderfully useful for purposes of teaching—but we can recognize it as real and true only when we understand that this was how he looked in the eyes of the Jews centuries after he actually lived.

### II. THE THREE WORTHIES OF CHAPTER III.

According to St. Paul (2 Tim 3<sup>16</sup>), the primary purpose of *any* inspired scripture lies in its application to our present circumstances, trials, conflicts, dangers as Christian people. If good people must accept this chapter as *history*, then they are immediately (and hopelessly) involved in endless 'questions' about psalteries and a hundred other things. In truth, the details are clearly legendary, reflecting the ideas and even the vocabulary of a much later date. Accept *that*, and the story is lifted out of the reach of controversy, and becomes at once one of the most splendid of all parables. In its own times (the second century B.C.) it was a 'midrash' of the highest value for the encouragement of those who had to face the Hellenic 'kultur' of Antioch; in our days, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, it is of no less, and of far more permanent, value for the encouragement of all who have to oppose the spirit of the age.

Look at it from this point of view.

It was an image of *gold* which the great king set up in the plain of Dura for all men to worship. It is an image of *gold* which the Prince of this world sets up for worship in every country where the servants of God are called upon to dwell. 'Ye cannot serve God *and* mammon,' says our Lord—and when we think about it, the saying is as surprisingly modern as His mention of banks, and of the interest which they pay on deposits (Lk 19<sup>28</sup>), and other such things not generally supposed to have existed then. The truth is—as recognized in the New Testament—that the love of money had gone as deep, and had given rise to almost as many devices, then as it has now. The mere fact that our Lord familiarly used a proper name like 'mammon' as a synonym for material wealth is enough to prove that. Mammon is a god, and calls for service (*religious* service, wor-



ship), even as God does. Hence covetousness is spoken of in the Epistles as *idolatry*: it is not merely something like idolatry, or as bad as idolatry: it *is* idolatry (Col 3<sup>5</sup>). If that image of gold in the plain of Dura had any name, it was for the Jews, as it is for us, 'Mammon.'

Observe the three persuasions, the three great and mighty influences, brought to bear on these men, to induce them to bow down. 1. The influence of *example*, 'all the peoples, the nations, the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image.' Everybody did it—at anyrate, everybody in the plain of Dura, as far as they could see. There must indeed have been myriads of Zoroastrians and others in the empire who would have scorned that idol—but they did not count because they were not there. So there are multitudes who regard not mammon to-day—but they are inconspicuous. What everybody (that you can see) does *must* be right. It is the hardest thing in the world to be singular. It is easier to face a hungry lion or a German machine-gun than the charge of taking a different line from your neighbours, your equals, your pals, in the little world to which you belong. Opinion and practice—opinion which seemed universal, practice which passed unquestioned—were brought to bear.

2. Where example *might* perhaps have failed, the influence of *art* reinforced it. 'The cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of musick' made perhaps what would be in *our* ears only an intolerable noise. But it represented the highest effort of musical art then known. It appealed to *them*, and when the great volume of sound waxed louder and more loud; when it took on that note of urgent appeal which we recognize so well in some concerted music,—then, if they had resisted before, they could resist no longer. They just *had* to fall down and worship like the rest—even if they despised the image in their inmost hearts.

Art is of necessity the ally and the handmaid of wealth. It cannot help being so because it is expensive, and because it is essentially indifferent to all distinctions of right and wrong. It seems to many a sort of treason to say so; but so it is in point of fact. Art reached its highest level in Europe precisely in that land and that age (Italy of the Renaissance) in which vice was most rampant and most unashamed. Art can be trained

to serve Christ, no doubt; but even so has to be jealously guarded, lest it overlay religion with selfishness and luxury.

3. If any still held out (and we know that a very few *did*) there was one more influence brought to bear. It was the crude and ugly one of terror. There was—out of sight, no doubt, and behind the scenes—a certain burning fiery furnace for such as *would* not fall down and worship. The furnace is still there. It does not burn so brightly now—at least in civilized countries—and it is kept still more out of sight. But the world still has its punishments for such as will not at any price serve mammon. It knows how to make them suffer, through poverty, through contempt, or even by penalties more direct. It is enough to say that the fear of these things is very real, and calls for the highest sort of courage to cast it out.

But if the trial be great, greater is the reward of such as overcome. 'Come forth, ye servants of the most high God, come forth and come hither.' So cried the great king in the inspired story, as he stood outside the fiery furnace and looked in. So he cried, not because he wanted to, but because he *had* to—because the God of heaven had been too much for him, and made him say these words, in spite of all his rage and fury. They are indeed, in the very truest sense, the words of the most high God Himself. So He cries to all His servants in all lands, in all ages, who have stood the test and endured the trial, and have been faithful to the end, 'Come forth, and come hither.' 'Come forth, ye good and faithful servants; forth of the fire that could not daunt you, and therefore could not harm you; forth of the heaviness which possessed you by reason of manifold temptations; forth of all the stress and strain, all the opposition and obloquy, all the discouragement and disaster, of your earthly trial. Come forth, and come hither; to me who am myself your exceeding great reward; to that eternal home prepared for you since the foundation of the world; to that supreme reward reserved on high for them that overcome.' 'Come forth, and come hither'—it is, in all the Christian scriptures, in all the experience of the saints, the voice of the Son of God, of Him that is unchangeably faithful and true, to all His servants everywhere who have suffered, and endured, and played the man, and done valiantly for faith and righteousness.

## Habits of the Interior Life.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. J. S. BANKS, D.D., LEEDS.

THE stirring events now taking place at Salonica (the ancient Thessalonica) draw our thoughts to the two Epistles, which were the first in point of time of St. Paul's Epistles. The story of the beginning of the Church in Thessalonica is told in Ac 17. The result of Paul's three weeks' ministry in the synagogue there was the adhesion 'of a great multitude' of Greek proselytes and 'not a few honourable women.' After the rough experience of Philippi this success filled Paul's heart with joy. A great and effectual door was opened, but it was as suddenly closed by the bigots who drove Paul and his companions first to Berea, then to Athens, and again vented their spite in persecuting the new converts. We see the concern of the apostle in the fact that he sent Timothy from Athens to Thessalonica to encourage the Church to firmness in the time of trial (1 Th 3<sup>2</sup>). Many passages in the two Epistles evidence the apostle's affection for his converts and confidence in their sincerity and high character, and not least the standard of Christian life he sets before them in 1 Th 5<sup>16-18</sup>. The exhortations to the early Christians of Thessalonica are of universal application.

The striking point in the passage is that the emphasis rests on the adverbs. All Christians with their faith in God's character and promises rejoice and pray and give thanks, but not all do this always. It is here that the difference between the weak and the strong, the imperfect and the perfect, comes in. It is not enough to rejoice and pray and give thanks. Earnest, thoroughgoing Christianity is seen in the qualifying words, 'always without ceasing, in everything.' In the original the emphatic words come first. We are reminded of the blessing on the man that 'doeth righteousness at all times.' In other words, the joy and prayer and thankfulness of the Christian life are to be habitual, not occasional and haphazard. We know the difference this makes in ordinary life. Punctuality and diligence in the scholar and workman, obedience in the child, truth and fidelity in all, must be habits; otherwise confidence is impossible. Thoroughness in the religious life is equally essential. Bishop Butler reminds us that habits are never formed by indulg-

ing in sentimental reflexion and dreaming, but by repeated acts. In this way Christian joy and prayer and thanks, which are often intermittent and spasmodic, become habits of the soul.

'Always rejoice.' Joy is to be habitual in a Christian. How is this possible? By remembering and acting on the belief that the grounds of joy are unchanging, while the trials of faith are transient in their effects. By faith in the divine message the Thessalonican Christians had become children of God in the highest sense; they were forgiven, born again, new creatures in Christ Jesus, possessors of a new life and power and hope. They had entered into a new and near relation to God, and God stood in a new relation to them. These are not passing but permanent experiences. 'Children of God' is not an honorary phrase, an empty title, but the most real and enduring of all dignities in earth or heaven. The only possible effect is joy. It is most significant that in Scripture 'Blessed' is always the term used of the good, in the Psalter everywhere and in the Gospel—Ps 1, Mt 5, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked'; 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' In the whole of this passage Paul is uttering his own experience: 'We rejoice in tribulations also,' words which express the mind of countless hosts of patient sufferers. The Psalter abounds in anthems of praise; Ps 103 may stand for all, although Ps 32 is even more exuberant. What Christian will not join the Psalmist in the matter and the fervour of his song? 'Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' The psalm closes in a great outburst of joy, 'Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.' 'In the Lord' anticipates Paul's exhortation to the Philippian Christians, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway; again I will say, Rejoice.'

No wonder that in Christian days the river of praise runs with a deeper, broader flow. The *Te Deum* is both an anthem of thanksgiving worthy of the greatest of the psalmists, and a noble confession of faith. The Church's singers are a vast multitude—Bernard, Luther, Tersteegen,



C. Wesley, Watts, Bonar, are among the leaders. The unknown singers alone are a great host. Watts excels in hallelujahs: 'Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise.' 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.' 'Before Jehovah's awful throne.'

*Prayer* is also to be a Christian habit. It is inwoven in the texture of Christian thought and practice. It scarcely bulks larger in the New Testament than in the Old. Then, as since, it was the soul of worship, the means of divine fellowship, the Jacob's ladder of divine communion; and the New Covenant continues the strain. The subject is ever to the front in the Gospels and Epistles. To pray 'without ceasing' in words is of course impossible. The use of the phrase shows that the essence of prayer was always found in the inner desire of the heart, the soul's fervent breathing after God, so perfectly expressed in Ps 63<sup>1</sup>, 'My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee.' Prayer is the most spiritual act of man; in it the Lord's words are most perfectly fulfilled, 'They that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.' Mental prayer, if not the highest, is a very high form of prayer. It has been carried to great excess by some mystics and Quietists, so-called, in France and Spain. Still it is often the only form of prayer possible and is never unblest. Montgomery's words are true and pointed, 'Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed'; and again, 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air.' The Christian soul lives by prayer, as the body by breathing. St. James's words are true to experience, 'The prayer of a righteous man *availeth much* in its working,' or, as the passage has been rendered, 'the energized (=inspired) prayer of a righteous man is *of great force*.' No idle breath, but a master force in the spiritual life. Jesus made no

greater promises than those made to prayer (Mt 7<sup>7</sup>, Jn 15<sup>7</sup>). The association of prayer with the Holy Spirit is significant (Ro 8<sup>26</sup>, Eph 6<sup>18</sup>, Jude 20). Jesus spoke a parable to enforce the truth that 'men ought always to pray and not to faint,' a truth which Paul was quick to repeat as essential to the practical Christian life. 'Without ceasing' is the mark of the prayer that never fails.

*Thanksgiving* is also to be habitual. The apostle does not say 'for everything' but 'in everything.' There are many things for which we cannot give thanks, but we can be thankful in their despite. However many the adverse experiences of life, the favourable are always more; there is always more of the bright than the dark. A psalmist's experience was 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.' While the Lord reigns, goodness and righteousness can never be finally put to shame. A Christian has abundant justification for believing that the bright side of life is the truest to reality. Clouds hide but do not blot out the sun. Hard things are written of optimism. There was never a greater optimist than Paul. He defies evil at its worst. 'We are more than conquerors,' super-victorious. 'Where sin abounded, grace abounded more exceedingly.' The cross is not the last word; resurrection, triumph, and joy are to follow. 'To them that love God all things work together for good.' 'Our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.' What contrasts—affliction, glory,—light, weight—for the moment, eternal—more and more exceedingly! Paul is a master of words, but even on his lips words fail to describe the greatness of the Christian hope. John also writes, 'It is not yet made manifest what we shall be'; 'In everything give thanks.'

## Literature.

### THE RUSSIAN AS A STORY-TELLER.

ONE of the most surprising and at the same time most fruitful gains of the war is the approach we are making to the Russian mind. It was a distant and dreadful mystery before the war; admittedly not well known, and complacently considered to be better so. It is true we had begun to read

some of the most popular of the Russian novelists, but we only wondered the more at the distance between us.

But the war has brought us near. Some of our men have lived with the Russian soldier, and found it possible. The psychology of the ordinary Russian peasant has been declared to be quite simple and sometimes admirable. And even the

religious life he lives, and the mythological stories he believes, have been found to be human enough, though of a somewhat primitive humanity. The consequence is that books about Russia are now of the kind which the booksellers call 'best selling.' And such a book as *The Russian Story Book* of Mr. Richard Wilson (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net) will have a fine opportunity.

And it will not miss its opportunity. The stories are wonderful. The illustrations of Mr. Frank C. Papé are as wonderful as the stories.

### *A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

Mr. Ernest F. Henderson published in 1902 *A Short History of Germany*. He was already fairly well known for his historical work, especially for a History of Germany in the Middle Ages. The new book was well received. In spite of the fact that the author was educated partly in Germany and had married a German lady, no one complained or could complain of an unfair bias towards Germanism; while every one had to recognize industry in the gathering of facts as well as ability in the weaving of them into a reliable and readable narrative.

Mr. Henderson has now issued a new edition of his *Short History* (Macmillan; 2 vols., 15s. net). To the original book, which closed with the assumption of the imperial crown in the palace of Versailles on January 18, 1871, he has added three new chapters, which carry the history down to the murder of the Austrian heir-apparent at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. In the period covered by these three chapters, 'we have seen the country,' says Mr. Henderson, 'advance to unheard-of power and prosperity; we have seen it take its place as a world power and at the same time develop from a land unable to prevent its people from emigrating into one that attracted nearly a million foreigners yearly. And then, as though with the cut of a sharp knife, the old order ceased, the workers and traders turned into soldiers, the industrial plants into munition factories.'

The three new chapters deal, first, with Political Developments in the period from 1871 to 1914; next, with Economic Progress; and, finally, with Social Progress. Of these chapters the most instructive probably is the third. Mr. Henderson takes no side, but he speaks out frankly. In respect of German education, for example, he

points to the tendency in recent years to make the instruction in elementary schools as realistic as possible by the aid of illustrative material. 'One is amazed,' he says, 'when visiting a modern school museum to see the innumerable devices of this kind. For religious instruction one can buy Solomon's temples, altars for burnt offerings, manna, myrrh, aloe, and hyssop, water from the Jordan, salt from the Dead Sea, crowns of thorns, golden calves, David's slings, parchment indulgences, and other objects; one firm in Berlin has between 60,000 and 70,000 stereopticon slides representing different phases of ancient art; the number of pictures and of illustrated books on all subjects is legion. Some of the schools have their own moving-picture apparatus, and there is a "Central office for scientific and school cinematography." Graphophones grind out the pronunciations of words; calculating apparatuses represent fruit gardens; false heads and throats show the actions of the vocal cords; in some schools fresh hearts, stomachs, lungs, eyes, etc., are procured from the butcher for the classes in biology, while firms make a specialty of pickled or embalmed organs. There are skeletons with attachments for hanging the organs in their proper places. For fifty or sixty marks one can even purchase the arm of a human embryo, while in some of the industrial art schools the young pupils, girls as well as boys, sit and draw details from actual human corpses.'

There is more opportunity, however, than we may think for the use of such realistic aids to education. For 'one evil in the schools, the existence of which will seem incredible to many, must be mentioned here: the use of alcohol by the pupils. The children themselves, of course, are not so much to blame as are their ignorant parents, many of whom think that beer is wholesome and strengthening. But the nation of late has been thoroughly aroused to the extent of the evil. Various comprehensive investigations have been made. An examination of 30,000 pupils in Saxony showed that 197 drank brandy daily, and that 2282 drank it at least once a week. An inquiry by a teachers' temperance society, conducted in different parts of the Empire, showed that out of 7338 children examined only 2 per cent. had never tasted alcohol, and that 11 per cent. indulged in it daily in one or another form. Many schools have now opened a regular campaign



against the evil. In the "Workman's Museum" in Munich there are wax models showing the ravages of alcoholism on the human organs; and the "beer liver," swollen to many times its normal size and honey-combed by disease, is a sight to frighten the boldest child.'

### OCEANIC MYTHOLOGY.

The steadily gathering interest in the religions of the world which marks our time is bringing also an interest in Mythology. It is only now that a publisher would have felt it safe to undertake the issue of thirteen large volumes on *The Mythology of All Races* (Boston: Marshall Jones). Even yet it may take a little time for such a work to receive remunerative recognition. But the publisher has been fortunate in his editor. Dr. L. H. Gray is an accurate and enthusiastic scholar, and has had large experience. The choice of authors has also been good. Give it time and this work on Mythology will create a constituency for itself by its own merits. Meeting the growing interest in such studies, it will give that interest impetus and prepare for the time when the education will be accounted deficient which does not include a knowledge of the religious thought of other lands, however remote these lands may be, and however immature their religious aspirations.

The ninth volume (the third in order of issue) deals with *Oceanic Mythology*. The term Oceanic is used to cover Polynesia, Melanesia, Indonesia, Micronesia, and Australia. The author of the volume is Roland B. Dixon, Ph.D., Professor of Anthropology in Harvard University.

Dr. Dixon is one of the very few scholars who are capable of giving any useful account of a series of beliefs so extensive and intricate as those of Oceania. He makes no absurd claim to completeness. He even regrets that the war has interfered with such approach to completeness as he had hoped to attain. But the selection (and in any case a selection had to be made) is that of a master. In every instance he has given the Myths of the origin of things and of the Deluge. And that alone will bring readers to the book. But his work has been most difficult when he came to the choice among miscellaneous tales. We must thank him that he has not been concerned solely with such tales as are merely popular, but has selected such as are representative and instructive.

### ISLAM IN ITS INFANCY.

A valuable work on the early history of Muhammadanism by al-Balâdhuri long lay in manuscript. In 1866 Professor de Goeje had it printed and published under the title of *Kitâb Futûḥ al-Buldân*. Now the Arabic original has been translated into English by Philip Khûri Ḥitti, Ph.D., of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout. It is published by the Columbia University as one of their 'Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.' The first volume alone has yet appeared. The title is *The Origins of the Islamic State* (P. S. King & Son; 16s. net).

Dr. Richard Gottheil, to whom the translation is dedicated, contributes a Foreword, in which he tells us that the Futûḥ al-Buldân of al-Balâdhuri is one of our chief authorities for the period during which the Arab state was in process of formation. He commends Mr. Ḥitti's translation. 'The style of al-Balâdhuri is often cryptic and unintelligible. This is perhaps due to the fact that the work, as it has reached us, is a shortened edition of a much larger one, which, though existent up to the seventeenth century, has not been found in any of the collections of manuscripts to which we have access. In its present form, the work mentions often men and matters that probably were treated of in the longer recension, but of which now we know nothing. Dr. Ḥitti's translation is, therefore, in a certain sense, also a commentary and an exposition. As such, I trust that it will be found useful to Orientalists as well as to students of history. His fine sense for the niceties of Arabic expression has often enabled him to get through a thicket that is impenetrable to us Westerners.' To these words it is enough to add that even to the uninitiated (and it takes a good deal of initiation to test the worth of the work or the fidelity of its translation) the book is brimful of interest, and that the form in which it has been published is altogether admirable.

### LIFE AND LITERATURE IN POLAND.

The volume of *More Tales by Polish Authors* which Mr. Blackwell of Oxford has published (5s. net) has been translated with so much skill and sympathy by Else C. M. Benecke and Marie Busch that as we read it we do not once observe that it is a translation. The situation in the tale

of 'Two Prayers,' utterly diverse as it is from any experience of ours, is placed vividly before us. The description of the cold is real, and so well rendered that we begin to shiver. The tales are terrible in their sadness. What a struggle life is with the Pole, a struggle of man with man, and yet more of man with nature. We were promised dominion over the earth. We read these tales and feel that in Poland, as in Russia, the outstanding and awful fact is that that dominion has not yet been gained. Of course the stories are all realistic—once or twice mercilessly so, in their quiet way. The powerful story entitled 'The Stronger Sex,' by Stefan Zeromski, moves us at once to deep pity and irresistible contempt, and all out of its sheer realism. For an understanding of the struggle for bare life which goes on year after year in the untamed regions of Poland this book is enough.

### THE SOUL.

*The Soul and its Story* is a great subject for a book, and Mr. Norman Pearson has risen to the greatness of it (Arnold; 10s. 6d. net). He has come at the right time. Our old ideas of the psychology of the Bible, and most other psychology as well, have had to be radically modified or abandoned altogether; and we have been looking for some authoritative guide to newer and more scientific conceptions. It is not that the Bible is wrong. Practical, and with the religious interest absorbing every other, the Bible is always right, if we would treat it fairly. It is our interpretation that is wrong. It is our demand that the Bible should give us more and other than it was ever intended to give.

Mr. Pearson is not a theologian. He therefore invited two theologians of repute—Archdeacon Bevan and the late Professor Gwatkin—to tell him what is now 'of faith' regarding the *origin* of the soul. Their replies are as interesting as they are able. Archdeacon Bevan writes: 'I should be inclined to say that no authoritative statement has been put forth by the Christian Church as to whether *Traducianism* (or the theory of derivation of the child's soul from that of the parent) is, or is not, to be preferred to *Creatianism* (or the theory that every soul born into the world is a fresh creation). It may be that the *πνεῦμα* as well as the *ψυχή* is implanted by the parent, or it may be

that there is a spiritual birth at the same moment as the physical birth. If the soul of man was originally *evolved*, I should imagine that that was because it was *involved* from the very first in some germ form; but Genesis i. 26 seems to favour the idea that, as life and consciousness must have been new creations originally, so the *soul* was *added* to the human ape-like animal, which was thus "made *man*"; i.e., (1) God made man of the "dust of the ground"—in other words, the *animal* called "Man" was evolved like other animals; but (2) God said, "Let us make this man into our own (spiritual) image"—so man "became a *living soul*." (I take it that a "*living soul*" means *πνεῦμα* plus *ψυχή*.) Being a "living soul," therefore, he would naturally transmit his entire nature (body, soul, and spirit) to his offspring.'

Professor Gwatkin is less venturesome but more final. He says: 'Liddon has no right to say that Christianity is committed to Creatianism. Leo of Rome says the precise contrary, and the Church of England lays down no doctrine on the matter. In fact, I believe both theories are untenable. If the soul comes straight from God, it must come pure, and the evil is in the body—which is Gnosticism. And if it is simply derived from the souls of the parents, we get into materialistic difficulties. As a matter of fact, a man is not simply the resultant of his ancestors. Even in plants we cannot keep a variety true from seed: we must have cuttings. Both theories are bad, for (1) they assume a dichotomy of body and soul instead of the threefold division of body, soul, and spirit. The non-bodily part is double, not single. And (2) Can we sharply and exactly separate even these three? Is even the body fully expressed by what we see? Are we not coming to see that we do not even know what matter is? May not this mortal frame enclose (not a *Luz* but) a new body fed by faith and ready to break the husk at the archangel's call? Delitzsch gave the position some forty years ago, but it needs revision in the light of the newer theories of matter, scientific and philosophical.'

We shall let these quotations introduce the book. Mr. Pearson separates the soul from the self; the one is continuous, the other is of the moment. And then he passes to a criticism of the materialistic denial of the existence of the soul, and from that to a most useful discussion of life, its conditions, appearance, and evolution. Further



chapters deal with Sex, the Soul and the Absolute, the Soul and the Particular, the Soul and the Universe. One of the subsidiary discussions is on the fashionable topic of Reincarnation.

### A NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

The behaviour of the Germans, so different from what was expected of them, has led Sir Bampfylde Fuller to write a book on moral conduct. And in writing his book he claims to offer a new psychology. Its title is *Man as He is* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net).

His argument is that we behave under the influence of a great number of *impulses*. There is the impulse to replenish (eat and drink) and there is the impulse to recuperate (rest). There is also the impulse to reproduce and the impulse to reinvigorate (change). All these he groups under the title of impulses of Function. Then there are the impulses of Development—to construct and to imitate, to experiment and to repeat (memory). Finally, there are the impulses of Seeking and Avoiding—to adopt and to reject, to assert oneself (as courage) and to efface oneself (as fear), to be sympathetic (as affection) and to be antipathetic (as anger).

Now these impulses affect men's conduct, and that seriously. For 'we may then distinguish our conduct according as it is determined by visions of pleasure and pain, or motived by impulses to which pleasure and pain are unessential adjuncts. In fact, we lead two separate lives—the life of choice or of self-interest, and the life of impulse. The one may be figured as the smooth upper-current of a stream: the other as an under-current of swirls and eddies, which occasionally rise to the surface and disturb its placidity. It is the undercurrent which gives the stream its velocity.'

Conduct, then, depends upon the play of attack and defence between our unreflective impulses and our reflective power of choice. If we can select the right impulse to support, and if thereby it wins the battle, the victory is for good and God. If the wrong impulse is reinforced, or even allowed free play, the victory is such as the Germans hoped to win, but by God's grace never shall.

### FRANCE TO-DAY.

Mr. Laurence Jerrold has written a book on *France To-day* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net). He knows

France well and he has great admiration. A militarist himself, his highest admiration is for military France, and this is the day and hour of her glory. His narrative is clear and crisp. When he tells the story of the Retreat from Charleroi and the Battle of the Marne, we see the shells dance and the bayonets flash. He exposes the blunders of the German command with its unchangeable organization. He rejoices in the cool clear-headedness of Joffre's strategy. But when he comes to the story of Verdun he is at his best. For he admires beyond measure the common French soldier with his simple determination to die there for France and scorn the thought of heroism.

When he deals with the Church and Religion Mr. Jerrold is not so happy. He does not understand religious feeling well. The Frenchman wants a human religion, he says, but does not say what that is. Because he wants a human religion there have been no great religious movements in France. And yet Mr. Jerrold has heard of the Jansenists and the Huguenots.

He is more at home when he enters French Society—the Society that does not worry about its sins. He is at home there, and again has great admiration. Mr. Jerrold believes that a new France will emerge from this war, and that it will be a better France than the world has ever known. Meantime let us all read this racy, almost riotous, appreciation of the France that now is. No doubt there are more things even in France to-day than are dreamt of in Mr. Jerrold's philosophy, but he knows much, and what he knows he can tell.

What to do for Christ and how to do it—that is the subject of a book which has been edited by Captain W. R. Davey, C.A. Its contributors are the Bishop of Salisbury, Prebendary Carlile, and many officers of the Church Army. The title is *Methods of Christian Work* (Allenson; 1s. 6d. net).

Messrs. Blackie & Son have published a well-illustrated and well-written book for boys under the title of *Great Deeds of the Great War* (2s. 6d.). The author is Mr. Donald A. Mackenzie. The illustrations are twelve large coloured separate plates and many black-and-white drawings in the text.

Mr. W. Warde Fowler, though much occupied with the study of Roman Religion, in which he is our great authority, has felt the pressure of the war. For relief he has written essays—short bright essays on all manner of profitable subjects. These essays he has published under the title of *Essays in Brief for War-Time* (Blackwell). Read them. They are easily read. They are just what they profess to be—essays in escape from depression. One is on Reading Aloud, one on Birds at the Front in France, one on Hope, Ancient and Modern. And these are but three out of twenty in the small volume.

In his book on *The Story of the New Testament* (Cambridge University Press; 4s. 6d. net), Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago, has succeeded in making a true story, and an entertaining one, out of the facts that are known regarding the origin, authorship, and contents of the New Testament Scriptures. His attitude is fairly conservative. He accepts all the Epistles ever attributed to St. Paul, except Hebrews and the Pastorals. Of the Pastoral Epistles he says that 'short genuine letters of his were made the basis of them by some later follower of Paul who composed them.'

At the end of each chapter Dr. Goodspeed gives 'Suggestions for Study.' These suggestions are also the finished work of the scholar.

A new contribution to 'Texts and Studies' is welcome in war-time. It is the fourth part of the eighth volume. Its title is *The So-called Egyptian Church Order and Derived Documents* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 10s. 6d. net). The author is Dom R. Hugh Connolly, M.A.

The book is a discussion of an extremely difficult subject—the date and interdependence of the most ancient Church Orders. Dom Connolly has written to upset received opinions. Since 1891, when Achelis published his *Canones Hippolyti*, the Canons of Hippolytus have been generally regarded as the most ancient of all Church Orders, and as the source from which all the others have sprung. Dom Connolly disbelieves both opinions. The results which his investigations have led him to are these:

(1) Neither the *Canons of Hippolytus* nor the *Apostolic Constitutions*, bk. viii., can be accorded

the place of honour; (2) the *Canons of Hippolytus* in particular are one of the latest members of the group; (3) the so-called *Egyptian Church Order*, which has persistently been thrust into a subordinate position, is not merely the earliest of all, and the main source of each and all of the other Orders, but is in reality the work of Hippolytus, and dates accordingly from the early decades of the third century.

The name 'Egyptian Church Order' is no real title of the document which it denotes, but only one amongst other modern makeshifts for a title; it was invented and bestowed upon the document by Achelis, as he says, 'merely to give it a name, which so far it lacks.' Its proper title is 'The Apostolic Tradition.' And Dom Connolly hopes that under that title it will in future be included in an edition of the *Quae supersunt omnia* of Hippolytus.

'That consummate master of statecraft, that great world citizen, Benjamin Franklin, pierced through the veil of periodic misunderstandings between Mother and Daughter to a convinced belief in the far distant confederation of all English-speaking peoples as the natural evolution of ultimately recognized identity of their world mission and world interests. We venture to suggest that any such confederation or commonwealth might fitly bear the name of *Britamerindia*, uniting either the whole or the characteristic part of the names *Britain, America, Erin, and India*.'

That paragraph shows at once the aim of Mr. Benchara Branford in writing his book *Janus and Vesta* (Chatto & Windus; 6s. net), and his ability to accomplish it. For it indicates earnestness along with ingenuity, and skill in arresting the attention. He believes that there are crises, periodical crises, in the lives of nations as of individuals. Such a crisis the European nations—nay, all the nations of the world—are in the heart of. Out of it will come, he hopes, this federation of the nations, and if it comes it will be worth the agony of the crisis. He has faith in Franklin. 'Into the thieves' kitchen of diplomacy of the eighteenth century he carried the honesty of the sound craftsman printer and the morality of the good father of a family.' He believes that Franklinism will beat Machiavellianism yet. What is Franklinism? It is this: 'If you wish for peace, prepare in every way for peace: by honest and open diplomacy:



by cautious and mutually progressive disarmament based upon a sober assessment of prevalent world-factors; by a spirit of sane international co-operation everywhere and always: by a conviction, instinctive and reasoned, that the ultimate and highest welfare of all states coincides with that of each.'

The great pleasure of the first disciples was the pleasure of surprise. They found every day some fresh occasion for wonder, and it always brought gladness. The Rev. Joseph Pearce thinks that Christ's servants ought to recapture this sense of wonder. The ministry is as new and surprising as it was at the beginning. In *The Wonder of the Ministry* (Chatwin; 3d.) he writes as one who knows the joy and strength of it.

In *Nationalism and Internationalism* (Constable; 4s. 6d. net), Professor Ramsay Muir shows how recent is the rise of the sense of nationality in Europe, and how steadily its progress has gone hand in hand with that of internationalism, or a sense of relation between one nation and another. 'Nationality,' he says, 'as a political axiom, even among the western European peoples, scarcely goes back so far as the French Revolution, but owes its ascendancy rather to Mazzini, and to the great nationalist movements which engrossed the attention of Europe from 1830 to 1870.' He desires to encourage this sense of solidarity in a nation—small nation as well as great, great nation as well as small. But he desires also to purge it of all sheer self-seeking. It is not the enemy of internationalism, nor is internationalism its enemy. Let us study this subject a little. Much will depend, in the years that lie before us, upon its right apprehension.

From Drummond's Tract Depot in Stirling there are issued cards and booklets, Biblical and Evangelical. One of them has for title, *Why has God permitted this War?* The answer is that the Devil is still going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it.

From the same publishing house have come copies of those popular and progressive annuals, *Little Footprints* (1½d.), *Good News* (4d.), *The Gospel Trumpet* (6d.), *The British Messenger* (1s.).

Descriptive studies of some Pre-Raphaelite Paintings have been made and published by the

Rev. John Linton, M.A., under the title of *The Cross in Modern Art* (Duckworth; 5s. net). The painters whose pictures have been described are Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, John Everard Millais, William Holman Hunt, and George Frederick Watts. Mr. Linton knows that Madox Brown was doubtfully a Pre-Raphaelite. Was Watts ever counted one and all? Twelve pictures are described, and there are good reproductions of all the twelve. It is a pleasant book to read; and one encouraging fact is ever before the reader's mind—the greatest painters are also the best Christians.

The great question of the war is the place God holds in respect of it. Principal P. T. Forsyth has written a book on *The Justification of God* (Duckworth; 2s. 6d. net). Not every one will be able to read it, though he wants every one to read it, for he has no desire to address himself to the already persuaded. Not every one will read it, because it has all Dr. Forsyth's nimbleness of intellect in almost exaggerated illustration. But it is a great book, and simply must be attacked again and yet again. This is what Dr. Forsyth says about the Athanasian Creed—it is plain enough: 'As to that creed exception is here taken less to its matter than to its manner. So far as the matter goes, if the doctrine of the Trinity (which certainly is at the heart of Christianity) was to be expressed in the intellectual conditions of the fourth century it probably could not have been better done. I do not even object sweepingly to the damnatory note. There are not nearly enough preachers who preach, nor people who take home, the reality of damnation, or the connexion of liberty with it. The vice in the creed is the association of salvation or damnation with forms which, though they are not intellectualist, are yet much too intellectual and too little ethical for general faith, and must be taken on external authority. There must, indeed, be external authority, but not on the thing that makes a soul Christian and settles its Eternity.'

Mrs. Lily L. Allen is a follower of the once greatly followed Samuel Smiles. She believes in Self-Help. 'Make a man of yourself, she says, in *Personality* (Fowler; 3s. net). Be a person, she says. And in order to be a person she bids us study and practise right belief, self-knowledge,

intuition, decision, self-trust, thoroughness, and many other efficacious virtues and graces. Mrs. Allen writes persuasively; for clearly she is herself persuaded.

A biographical sketch has been written of *Robert Linklater*, who is described as 'Man, Missioner and Priest,' and 'an Ideal Catholic' (Wells Gardner; 3s. 6d. net). His work was done chiefly in London, at Holy Trinity, Stroud Green; and it was well done albeit on advanced 'Catholic' lines. The biography also, brief as it is, is well done. We see the man and we are drawn to him, whether we are drawn to the priest or not. We can accept one-half at any rate of a certain Presbyterian's opinion; 'Dr. Linklater the man, I love; Dr. Linklater the ecclesiastic, I abhor.' 'He possessed,' says one who knew him in his earlier life, 'a marvellously magnetic personality, which few or none could resist. Then, too, he was an Irishman, and had, therefore, a very keen sense of humour. This it was that gave him a healthy vision and kept his judgment from becoming distorted and atrabilious. His desire was not to make us goody-goody. In this he approached somewhat to Kingsley. But he did try to teach us a healthy, ruddy, manly Christianity.'

Dr. Masaharu Anesaki is one of the best and best known scholars of Japan. He has made Buddhism his special study, and he knows it in all the lands of its acceptance, though he knows it best in Japan. He has also obtained a mastery of the English tongue, such mastery as few foreigners can ever compass. He is Professor of the Science of Religion at the Imperial University of Tokio in Japan, and he has been Professor of Japanese Literature and Life at Harvard University in America. Dr. Anesaki has just published a biography of *Nichiren the Buddhist Prophet* (Harvard University Press). It is a surprise in the literature of biography. For Nichiren is an interesting and attractive personality, and Dr. Anesaki has made his life something of a prose idyll. Of course he was no prophet as the Hebrew prophets were. That his biographer knows and says. Yet he deserved to be distinguished both from the priest and from the theologian; and 'prophet' is the best title that could have been given him.

The Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., C.F., who

lately issued a little book on Self-Training in Prayer, has now sent out a companion volume on the Lord's Prayer. Its title is *After this Manner Pray Ye* (Heffer; 1s. 3d. net). If there is anything left to be said on the Lord's Prayer, Dr. McNeile with his accurate knowledge and spiritual experience is likely to say it. But his aim is not originality—reality rather. He would have us pray with the understanding, but he would have us pray.

*The Key of the Grave*, by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, is undoubtedly a classic of consolation. It is right to re-issue it (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). It might have been re-issued even earlier in the war.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have begun the issue of a new edition of *The Expositor's Bible* (2s. 6d. net each). The printing and the paper are a little warlike, but only in comparison with the earlier and dearer edition. The binding is very attractive. The volumes already issued are 'The Book of Deuteronomy,' by Professor Andrew Harper; 'The Book of Joshua,' by Dr. W. G. Blaikie; 'Judges and Ruth,' by Dr. R. A. Watson; 'The First Epistle to the Corinthians,' by Dr. James Denney; 'The Second Epistle to the Corinthians,' by the same; and 'The Epistle to the Galatians,' by Professor G. G. Findlay.

It will be enough at present simply to mention the issue of a volume of *Apocalyptic Problems*, by the Very Rev. H. Erskine Hill, M.A., Provost of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Aberdeen (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). There are ideas in it which deserve discussion, and we hope to return. Meantime let it be understood that the 'problems' are not abstrusely theological. They belong to the sphere of interpretation, and do actually interpret both the language and the ideas of the Apocalypse. Moreover, Provost Erskine Hill is the master of a lively and energetic English style, the very sworn enemy of all abstruseness.

Those who are affected with the eschatological ailment—and it has really settled upon some minds like a fever or bloody flux—must read a lecture which Canon Scott Holland delivered at Liverpool. It is published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *The Real Problem of Eschatology* (6d. net).



The Rev. Paul B. Bull, M.A., Priest of the Community of the Resurrection, calls his book on *The Three-Fold Way* (Longmans; 2s. net) 'An Aid to Conversion.' But it has to be understood that the word 'conversion' is used by him in a different sense from that to which Reformed theology has consecrated it. His use is the very opposite. By conversion he means the slow painful climbing of the mystical ladder, through the Purgative and the Illuminative to the Unitive Way. Conversion is usually associated with that New Birth to which Nicodemus was invited; Mr. Bull's 'conversion' is the advice to Nicodemus to persevere in the way he has been following. Of that way it is a fine candid exposition.

Messrs. Longmans have published the first volume of a work called *Teachings of Christ and the Apostles*, by a Priest (6s. net). Its aim is to provide the preacher with suggestions for sermons or addresses on the New Testament Lessons. This volume deals with the Teachings of Christ.

This has never been well done, though many have tried to do it. Those who have attempted it have not read the best commentaries, or they have not had the courage to follow them. But their chief mistake has been to treat the preachers for whom they write as if their minds were quite undeveloped. This Priest has done better. He has both courage and insight, and he demands a little hard thinking. This book will be less a crutch than a discipline.

The Rev. H. H. Jeaffreson, who spent much of his life at Fiesole, ministering at both the English churches in Florence, was a letter-writer. He had the gift, and he used it thankfully. His letters have now been published under the editorship of the Rev. C. E. Lambert, M.A., and under the title of *Letters of the Rev. H. H. Jeaffreson* (Longmans; 4s. 6d. net).

Many of them are occupied with doubts, and they counsel patience, not argument; many with sorrow, and they often counsel confession to a priest. But with the confession there are difficulties, and sometimes the advice is direct and courageous. Mr. Jeaffreson believed that God would recover everybody before the end, and that belief made consolation easier with him. He did not often use the Bible; and that is the more striking when we are told that his education was in

an evangelical atmosphere. Again and again the word of a Psalmist or an Apostle occurs to us as appropriate, but he does not use it. One thing is always evident—his sincerity.

In the United States of America, we are told, there is at present a great appetite for books on Efficiency. The books spell it with a capital. It is their 'blessed word' now that the word Mesopotamia has fallen from that estate. The efficient writer is the writer on Efficiency; it is of less account how he writes. One of the writers, one of the most efficient, is Mr. Edward Earle Purinton. And Mr. Purinton's latest book, called *The Business of Life* (McBride; 6s. net), contains 'Efficiency Problems and their Solution.'

You will be surprised to hear that the book begins with a definition of Efficiency. The cunning dramatist leaves his solution to the end. But Mr. Purinton is too sure of his subject and his audience to trouble with tricks or plots. What is Efficiency? 'It is not an effort of greedy corporations to reduce their workers to money-making machines. It is not a panic to do so much that you wear yourself out. Efficiency is the science of self-management.'

The next question is, 'Are you efficient?' But on second thoughts Mr. Purinton says he will not ask it. Why? Because his readers carry heads not hods. 'The difference between a hod-carrier and the head of a great corporation is that the hod-carrier works his hod instead of his head. For the hod he has trained his muscles, to the hod he is bound. To get ahead—get a head!'

And so the book on Efficiency is written. It is all as lively as the lively passages quoted.

It is rarely possible to recommend books which advocate the instruction of the young in sexual matters. But *Sex-Education*, by Maurice A. Bigelow, Professor of Biology in Columbia University (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net), may be recommended without hesitation. It is a book for teachers. It may be read by pupils.

The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* has written a book on healing by prayer and faith. The title is *The Christian Doctrine of Health* (Macmillan; 2s. net). It is a subject much and anxiously considered at the present time. We doubt if we should ever have dropped the practice of it. We

would gladly recover it if we knew how. Well, the whole subject is discussed in this book, temperately and competently.

Professor H. B. Swete of Cambridge has published another volume of his lectures on the doctrines of the Creed. Every volume is a contribution of lasting worth. For there is no exaggeration; the scholarship is scholarship's last word; and the purpose of commending the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God is fulfilled. The new volume is on *The Forgiveness of Sins* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d. net). It is divided into three parts: first, the Forgiveness of Sins in the Bible; second, the Forgiveness of Sins in the History of the Church; and third, the Forgiveness of Sins in the Experience of Life. There is an additional note on the Biblical Terms for Sin and Forgiveness.

When Prebendary William Leighton Grane delivered his Hulsean Lectures in 1913 (they are not yet published), he 'attempted to set in strong relief the Unifying Power of the Christianity of Christ, and then to illustrate and urge its application in certain regions remarkable for lack of unity. In the pre-war world there were three spheres of life conspicuous for its absence. We saw the Divisive spirit in full possession of Christendom itself—both Catholic and Reformed. We found it fomenting social and industrial strife. We feared it in those antichristian Inter-State relations which threatened the relapse into barbarism so soon to occur.'

Of these three scenes of failure the first is, from the Christian point of view, fundamental; because it relates to the very Body of Christ—the Organism created to be the guardian and dispenser of His Spirit. But this vital subject, by the limits of his Hulsean scheme, was condemned to fragmentary treatment in a single lecture, which seemed so inadequate to its urgency that he has devoted a separate book to its development. He calls the book *Church Divisions and Christianity* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

Granted the disunion of Christendom, what are the way-marks on the path of recovery? They are these three: (1) Willingness on the part of all organized Christendom to acknowledge error. (2) A new understanding of and regard for the most Fundamental Verities. (3) A much more absolute

allegiance to the Supremacy of Christ. Of these the first is the greatest and the most difficult. Mr. Grane is sincere. When he says 'willingness to acknowledge error,' he means that those who think with him, and worship with him, are willing to acknowledge error, and that he himself will lead them. There is no other way. In all the history of this great controversy about reunion no book has been published rendering more sincere service than this.

The war has given the study of nationality a tremendous impetus. Patriotism, or the love of country, may be good or evil; we have not two words. But nationality (or the right of a nation to be a nation) and nationalism (best expressed in the boast, 'My country, right or wrong!') are distinguishable—although nationalism is used by some writers in a good sense. Dr. Edward Krehbiel, Professor of Modern History in Leland Stanford Junior University, has written a source book on Nationalism, that is to say, on the evil of setting one's nation above humanity. That evil ends in war sooner or later, and in the demoralization of Society. So he calls his book, *Nationalism, War and Society* (Macmillan; \$1.50).

We have called it a source book. The author's object is to furnish thinkers and speakers with facts and references. And nowhere else will they be found, we believe, more accurately or more easily. His references to literature are especially copious and correct.

The book is strengthened by means of an Introduction by Mr. Norman Angell. Take two sentences from the Introduction: 'Most critics will reply, "Yes, that is all very well, but what would you have done in August 1914, when Germany challenged Europe?" Well, it does not invalidate anything that I am arguing, to say that I would have fought.'

Mr. William Butler Yeats has written *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* (Macmillan; 6s. net). And he has written with so much sincerity that the reader will not weary though there is no external incident to thrill the nerves. Apart from the perpetual sense of a supernatural world all around, a perpetually disturbing and sometimes seriously distracting world of supernatural beings, no longer to be taken account of in any civilized country except Ireland—except that, there is nothing in



the book which might not be experienced by any one growing from childhood to manhood under the guidance of a strong imagination. But it is all told so sincerely, and with so much grace of thought and language, that the volume cannot be spoken of otherwise than as a work of high art.

We shall quote one passage, a passage of a supernatural colour, as most expressive of the book. But the quotation must not be allowed to suggest that the life here displayed so unreservedly was other than healthy.

‘Though it was all years ago, what I am going to tell now must be accurate, for no great while ago she wrote out her unprompted memory of it all and it was the same as mine. She was sitting under an old-fashioned mirror reading and I was reading in another part of the room. Suddenly I heard a sound as if somebody was throwing a shower of peas at the mirror. I got her to go into the next room and rap with her knuckles on the other side of the wall to see if the sound could come from there, and while I was alone a great thump came close to my head upon the wainscot and on a different wall of the room. Later in the day a servant heard a heavy footstep going through the empty house, and that night, when I and my two cousins went for a walk, she saw the ground under some trees all in a blaze of light. I saw nothing, but presently we crossed the river and went along its edge where, they say, there was a village destroyed, I think in the wars of the seventeenth century, and near an old graveyard. Suddenly we all saw light moving over the river where there is a great rush of waters. It was like a very brilliant torch. A moment later the girl saw a man coming towards us who disappeared in the water. I kept asking myself if I could be deceived. Perhaps after all, though it seemed impossible, somebody was walking in the water with a torch. But we could see a small light low down on Knock-na-rea seven miles off, and it began to move upward over the mountain slope. I timed it on my watch and in five minutes it reached the summit, and I, who had often climbed the mountain, knew that no human footstep was so speedy.’

Under the title of *The Ages of Man* (Murray; 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Charles Sayle has gathered together and published one or more references in literature to every year of man’s life from the first to the hundred and tenth. Nor does he stop

there, but goes on (though no longer without omissions) till he finds himself among the hundred thousands.

There is much variety of interest in the book, but like the dictionary it is not for continuous reading. For the most part there is one quotation for each year. Here is a year for which there are two:

48

SHAKESPEARE.

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.—*King Lear*, i. iv. 40.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

You, who perhaps are forty-eight, may still improve if you will try; I wish you would set about it.—*Miscellanies* (ed. Birkbeck Hill), ii. 262.

There was an error in the notice of Dr. Lukyn Williams’s Commentary on *The Epistle to the Romans* (R.T.S.) last month, due to a line having dropped out in the typing. The text is not given, but an interpretation of the text. Each great paragraph of the Epistle is interpreted in clear and interesting narrative, and then the Notes are confined, as was stated, to the very smallest compass.

Mr. J. Ellis, under the title of *Keep to the Right* (Scott; 2s. net), has published a volume of ‘Ten-minute Talks to Children.’ To the Talks he has added some five-and-twenty pages of Illustrations.

The Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A., in publishing a volume of sermons, says that ‘each of them at the time of its delivery called forth a measure of testimony from those who recognized in it some voice of God.’ What would other preachers give to be able to say the same! Perhaps it is owing partly to the fact that every sermon has to do with one or other of ‘the things which cannot be shaken’—not even by the war. They are therefore sermons of comfort—not of consolation merely, but of the comfort that is strength. The title is *The Confidence of Faith* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

The Rev. W. Escott Bloss, A.K.C., believes that a generation has grown up which knew not Newman, and he has retold the whole story of

Tractarianism, Secession, and the Cardinalate in a volume which he has called *'Twixt the Old and the New* (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net). The first chapter of the book prepares the way for the entrance of the principal actor by a survey of religious life, particularly in Oxford, for some fifty years before. Thereafter the story is the biography of Newman. It was wise to gather it round his imperishable personality.

Georgiana M. Forde is a hero-worshipper. And her hero is the Book of Common Prayer. She writes on *Heroes and Writers of the Book of Common Prayer* (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net); but she has run all the heroes and writers into a composite photograph, out of which comes imaginatively the very Book itself. And so in them she worships and adores it. And is it not worthy? Is it not the product of their heads and their hearts? Did not the great men and good throw their best into it? More than that, the Book of Common Prayer has been everything to herself—education, inspiration, comfort. She has given herself to it, and to the commendation of it.

So this is the story of the men who made the Book of Common Prayer and of the Saints to whom it was consecrated. And it is in some measure an exposition of the Book itself.

*The Everlasting Gospel* (Stock; 2s. net) is the title of a volume of short practical sermons—not dominantly doctrinal as their title might suggest—by the Rev. E. H. Keymer, M.A.

A new revised edition has appeared of *A History of the Church of the Cymry*, by the Rev. William Hughes, Vicar of Llanuwchllyn and Rural Dean (Stock; 10s. net). The book has been on the whole well received, for it brings together much historical information, and it is written without either rhetoric or resentment.

A new volume has begun of the University of Missouri Studies—a new volume of the 'Social Science' series. It has begun with a study of *Assyrian Historiography*, by Albert Ten Eyck Olmstead (Univ. of Missouri Press). Where do we find our facts for the history of Assyria? What reliance can be placed on the sources when found? These are the questions answered. They are answered with much learning and enthusiasm.

Three hundred and sixty-five ministers and laymen (mostly American) have each written a prayer, and the three hundred and sixty-five prayers have been published in one volume by the Vir Publishing Company under the title of *God's Minute* (2s. net). Let this prayer 'For Communion Sunday' be quoted by way of example. The author is Dr. O. E. Maurer of New Haven.

'We sing our eucharistic hymn this day, O God, with voices from which all tones of mortal sadness have vanished away. We sing the song of new-born life, and not of death. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was made flesh, and men beheld the glory of Thy love in the face of Jesus Christ.

'Come, O Creator Spirit blest, and impart anew Thy marvelous gifts. May Christ be born again in every heart. Purge our ears from the rattling noises of the world, until they are quick to hear the heavenly song of Thy peace and good-will for men. Lead all seekers to some spiritual Bethlehem and help them to find the Holy Child. May the nations come to His light, and rulers behold the brightness of His rising.

'May the kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, that He may reign forever and ever.—*Amen.*'

The leading feature of *The R.P.A. Annual for 1917* (Watts; 9d. net) is a symposium on the question: Will Orthodox Christianity survive the World War? The answer is of course in the negative. But some of the writers write what is not expected of them. Sir Ray Lankester is one. He says: 'The Christian morality has been deliberately rejected by the leaders of German militarism. We are fighting for the triumph of that morality—to make an end of the German moral system which teaches that treachery, murder, and torture are rightly applied by Germans to their fellow-men in order to increase German wealth and material domination. The triumph of the Allies will lead to the firmer establishment of "peace upon earth, goodwill towards men"—the ideals of Christian morality.'

This is the day of specializing. But the specialist may be more or less special. The late Professor *Raphael Meldola* claimed no authority outside physical science, but there does not seem to have been any branch of physical science that was



beyond his grasp. An appreciation has been written (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net). It has been written by twenty-three specialists in science; and every one of them writes of him as if he were a specialist in the particular branch to which the writer belongs. And with all his erudition he was a man. His humanity seems to have impressed everybody—his sympathy, his humour, his general good comradeship. He could tell good stories too. Here is one he told about Charles Lamb.

'Somebody—let us say a fellow-clerk in the

India House—had twitted Lamb with his infirmity of speech.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," said Lamb. "Everybody has some p-p-peculiarity."

"Nonsense," said the other. "What is mine?"

"Well," rejoined Lamb, "I sup-p-ose you stir your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Ah, that's *your* p-p-peculiarity. Most p-p-people do it with a s-p-p-oon!"

## The Last Days of Babylon's Independence.

BY THEOPHILUS G. PINCHES, LL.D., LONDON.

IN more than one respect the tablets which bear upon the fall of Babylon are of interest to us. Compared with the present war, that waged by Cyrus against Nabonidus and Belshazzar was a model conflict from the view-point of humanity and consideration for the vanquished. When we think, moreover, of the great change resulting therefrom, it was one of the briefest of conflicts. In the main the war waged by Cyrus against the Babylonians seems to have been due to his desire to dominate the then known world, or at least that portion of it which was most accessible, and best worth having; and in this it resembles the conflict now raging, for there are but few, in all probability, outside the boundaries of the central allies and the body of their subjects abroad, who would deny that the first desire of those empires is to dominate the world, and apply the destructive power of the weapons which they have so long toiled to perfect, to acquire not only the fullest political overlordship, but also an unassailable position in commerce. Cyrus's aim was probably the same, though whether he realized to the full the commercial advantages to be obtained thereby is a matter for discussion. In any case, the great power which Persia obtained must have had the advantage which falls to the lot of every nation possessing a similar central position and world-wide influence.

The entry, in the Babylonian Chronicle, for Nabonidus's 17th (and last) year, refers to certain religious ceremonies which were performed, possibly to ask the gods for success in the conflict with

Cyrus and his allies which, it was felt, was coming. These ceremonies took place between Nisan and Elul, the first and the sixth months of the Babylonian year. The chronicler then states that Cyrus fought a battle 'in Opis' (*ina Upê<sup>ke</sup>*) upon the Tigris (*nâr Idiglat*, written in the puzzling way which some of the scribes liked to use, namely, *ni-ni-lat*). According to my first reading, this took place in Tammuz, but the contract-tablets indicate no disturbance of the normal life of the country during that month, and as the ideograph for Tisri differs from that used for Tammuz by the addition of a single wedge only, this must be the month intended. The Babylonians were defeated, and on the 14th day of the month Sippar was taken without a battle, and Nabonidus fled. On the 16th Ugbaru (Gobryas) of Gutium<sup>m</sup> (Media), with the army of Cyrus, entered Babylon, likewise without a battle, and Nabonidus seems to have been found and captured there. The next statement is to the effect that <sup>sm</sup> *tukku<sup>m</sup>mē* (? cuirassiers) of Gutium<sup>m</sup> surrounded the gates of Ê-saggil (the temple of Belus), and *batla ša mimma* (? failure of a thing) in Ê-saggil and the temples did not take place (*ûl iššakin*, 'was not made'), and a (single) gem(?) passed not (out) (*simanu ûl êtiq*). Though not certain, this is the translation which I would propose for these unusual phrases, and it has at least the merit of being consistent, and of recording events which might well be due to the orders of such a man as Cyrus. The next historical statement of the Chronicle, as I translate it, is also characteristic. The words 'Cyrus entered into

Babylon' are certain, but for the next phrase, *ḥarinē ina pani-šu (w)atrūni*, many suggestions have been made. If *ḥarinē* may be regarded as a plural participle of *ḥarānu*, denominative from *ḥarranu*, 'road,' then the best rendering would be 'those who went before him were numerous,' and they went as 'proposing peace (or safety) for the city' (*šulum ana āli šakin*). After this we have, apparently, what they said: *Kuraš, šulum ša Bābili, gabbi-šu, qibi*, 'Cyrus, command peace (safety) for Babylon, all of it.' If this be what the chronicler says, it agrees thoroughly with the account in Xenophon, *Cyrop.*, book vii. 8. The date of Cyrus's entry was the 3rd of Marcheswan. Notwithstanding that he was present in Babylon, it was not he who appointed the governors there—this duty was left to Gobryas, 'his governor' (*Gubaru, piḥati-šu*—see THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for April 1915, p. 298, lines 2–5b). As has been often noted, the death of the son of the king (Belshazzar) took place on the 11th.

The contract-tablets give transactions for the 7th and the 9th of Tisri. As the city was taken by Cyrus on the 14th of the month, datings at Sippar now cease. The next document, which refers to silver, is dated at Sippar on the 10th of Marcheswan, the day before Belshazzar's death. Strassmaier's No. 1055 is marked by him 'Nbn. 17.9.0.'—that is, 'Nabonidus, 17th year, month Chisleu, no day.' But Nabonidus was no longer king at that date, as he seems to have been captured about a fortnight before the 1st of the month.

Two explanations are possible: (1) The news of Nabonidus's capture and Cyrus's accession may not have reached Sippar, or (2) the tablet records payments made from the temple-treasuries in advance. In support of the latter, it is noteworthy that the first payment was for Chisleu, the second for the whole of the 17th year, the third for Nisan, the fourth for Chisleu again, and

the fifth for Elul. If this tablet was written about the 1st of Nisan, it naturally does not clash with the Chronicle.

The first dated tablet of the reign of Cyrus is given by Strassmaier as being 'Cyr. acc. 7.0'—i.e. 'Cyrus, accession year, Tisri, day lost.' Unfortunately, the month name is mutilated or partly defaced, and therefore doubtful. Though not legally king of Babylonia until the 12th of Marcheswan, Cyrus had entered Sippar on the 14th of Tisri, and the reading may be correct. This would imply that the Sipparites did not, at the time, know who was their king, Nabonidus or Cyrus. Later in the month, however, there was no doubt, as a tablet referring to barley, and bearing the date 'Marcheswan, day 24th, Cyrus, king of Babylon,' shows.

The invasion and conquest of Babylonia by Cyrus therefore seem to have occupied forty-two days—it was on the 1st day of Tisri that Cyrus fought the battle of Opis, and he assumed the rule of the country, through Gobryas—Darius the Mede—on the 12th of Marcheswan. Normal life at Sippar was hardly disturbed until the 10th of Tisri, and was resumed on or before the 24th of Marcheswan. The capital's calm was disturbed for a few days less, and would have resumed its normal course sooner but for the crowds of petitioners seeking Cyrus's presence.

In addition to Cyrus's moderation, Xenophon makes a point of his desire that the population should suffer as little as possible from the devastation of the country in the district where the troops might ultimately operate (*Cyrop.*, v. 4), and to this end he proposed to the 'Assyrian' king that the labourers should not be interfered with. This the latter agreed to, and he would doubtless have kept his word had the fortune of war favoured him instead of Cyrus. Evidently 'frightfulness' (in better English, 'ruthlessness') formed no part of Cyrus's policy.



## Contributions and Comments.

### Reunion with Our Own in Another Life.

I READ Canon Winterbotham's article in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for November with great interest, but at the end I was sensible of some perplexity which repeated perusal has deepened. I understand neither the need of disproving what seems to be the view he wishes to overthrow, nor what he seeks to establish. His main argumentation goes to demolish a theory of the after-life which I cannot believe any intelligent person entertains outside, perhaps, Turkey. His own concluding sentences seem to follow his preceding arguments with as doubtful logic as the famous 'conclusion of the whole matter' in Ecclesiastes. With all deference may I indicate a few points in the article which appear to me specially unsatisfying?

1. As pillars of the Christian position the Canon mentions the Creeds and the Bible. Yet there are many truths of importance which the Christian may hold, though they are unexpressed in any Creed, and not clearly referred to in Scripture. Every one admits that revelation on the future life is scanty, and that uncertainty attaches to all speculations on it. Still it is legitimate to construct any theory of it which satisfies the longings of the human heart, and is inconsistent neither with Scripture nor with reason. The Canon's own conclusion is, after all, only of this kind, for he quotes neither Scripture nor Creed in support of it.

2. But I must point out in passing that his statement about the Bible is peculiar. The usual formula in the O.T. in narrating a death is, '*he slept with*' (or '*was gathered to his fathers.*') What precisely that implies is not my business. My point is, it needs consideration from one who says *tout court*, 'There is not a single word in the Bible to support the assertion that we shall find our own again in another world.' Also there is an awkward verse in which David says of the dead, 'I shall go to him.'

3. The Canon's view of the immortality of love is puzzling. How can love *per se* be immortal?

A relation can survive only if the objects related survive. He takes as an example 'calf-love,' and admits it does not often last throughout this life. What possible meaning is there in the thought that a love which ceases in this life is yet immortally preserved? It may of course survive everlastingly in its effects, but I do not think that is what the Canon means.

4. The article mixes up, so that they appear to be practically identical, what will surely seem to most to be totally different considerations, viz. the finding of our loved ones again, and the resumption of family life. I cannot see how the one question determines the other in the slightest. A man's wife is not only a wife, she is a *person* with whom his life has been bound up. What I imagine every man desires and expects to find in heaven is not his wife *qua* wife, but that other person who in this stage of being *was* his wife. Even in this life there are circumstances familiar enough when one mixing in some social group formed with no reference at all to the family, and therein keenly enjoying oneself, feels peculiar satisfaction in that some other person is present to share in the joy, or deep regret that that one is absent. Sex is in no way involved. The family is for the time transcended. It is simply a desire that that other person should be present. The Canon has forgotten that there is such a thing as David-Jonathan love, with which sex has nothing to do.

5. The article ignores the very strongest argument for recognition in the next life. Recognition has little to do with family relationships, it has everything to do with memory. A conception of the future life without memory—I am sure the Canon will agree—is absolutely meaningless and worthless. The parables of Dives and Lazarus and of the Last Judgment teach the survival of memory. They are pointless without that. But if memory survives, recognition is assured. Hence, despite the article, I dare say the sorrow-laden may continue to cherish for their comfort and truth the closing lines of Newman's hymn.

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### Matthew x. 16.

'Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.'

The word 'harmless' in English has a passive as well as an active sense. The commentaries and translations take it in the latter meaning, and alternative renderings are 'simple,' 'guileless,' etc. It is probably in this sense too that King James' translators used it, for Shakespeare also uses it in this way. Thus he speaks of a harmless fairy, the harmless necessary cat, the harmless dove, etc. But besides meaning 'not doing harm,' harmless may also denote 'unharmed,' and this appears to be the older usage. The New English Dictionary cites Chaucer, 'To passen harmlesse of that place She graunted him'; Caxton, 'The scottes escaped harmeless'; and Thackeray, 'Pecking up her food quite harmless and successful.'

The same remark applies to the Greek. The A.V. translates by 'harmless,' ἀκακος (He 7<sup>26</sup>) and ἀκέραιος (Mt 10<sup>16</sup>, Ph 2<sup>15</sup>), which latter it renders 'simple' in Ro 16<sup>19</sup>, where it balances 'wise,' as in the present passage. For a passive use of ἀκακος, see Moulton and Milligan, *Voc. of the Gr. Test.* In the case of ἀκέραιος the meaning 'unharmed' appears to be more original than 'not harming.' If we adopt the latter sense the verse in Matthew will embody two commands: if the former, then the two imperatives will be equivalent, as often in Hebrew, to a conditional sentence, and the meaning will be: 'If you are wise as serpents, then you shall be unharmed as doves.' The Twelve are being sent out like sheep among wolves, but if they behave wisely they shall be unhurt. This gives good and appropriate sense; and it is backed by the Arabic proverb, 'Safer than a dove of the sanctuary.' The security of the Temple birds in Jerusalem is referred to in Ps 84. It is true that the pigeons in the Temple, unlike those at Mecca, were kept in the charge of a special officer for sacrifice, but it is remarkable that doves are never mentioned as being used for ordinary food in the Old Testament; and there is a good deal of evidence that the pigeon was regarded as sacred in Syria, as in Mecca. The simplicity of the dove is the opposite of wisdom (Hos 7<sup>11</sup>). See Lucian, *Dea Syria*, §§ 14, 54; Xenophon, *Anabasis*, i. iv. 9; Bochart, *Hieroicoicon*, vol. II. *ad init.* T. H. WEIR.

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### The Spiritual Body.

IN a sermon published some years ago by Dr. Momerie entitled 'The Spiritual Body,' the author, explaining 1 Co 15<sup>2ff.</sup> says: 'So let us be sure we get the right answer to the question, When, where, and how is man sown? If you were to ask this of superficial readers of the Bible most of them would reply—When he is laid in the grave. They imagine that the sowing of the seed corresponds to the burial of a dead man's body. But it does not—it cannot. For this reason. Sowing takes place before death—interment after. The sowing of the seed, so far from corresponding to a man's death, corresponds in point of fact to his birth. This earth of ours is the seminary—seminary, you know, means a seed-place—this earth of ours is the seminary of Heaven. A man is sown when he is born into this world: just as a grain of wheat is sown when it is placed in the ground. And let me ask you particularly to notice—this is the chief point—the body that shall be is not sown. The body that is sown never rises.'

Can you tell me if this point of view is advanced by any other writer?

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### Peace.

THE following quotation from St. Augustine is apposite to the present time, and points forcibly to the danger which the projectors of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope have been striving to meet.

Having conceded that there may be a peace worth fighting to procure, Augustine proceeds:

'Hanc pacem requirunt laboriosa bella: hanc adipiscitur quae putatur gloriosa victoria. Quando autem vincunt qui causâ justiore pugnabant, quis dubitet, gratulandam esse victoriam, et provenisse optabilem pacem? Haec bona sunt, et sine dubio Dei dona sunt. Sed si—neglectis melioribus quae ad supernam pertinent Civitatem, ubi erit victoria in aeternâ et summâ pace secure—bona ista sic concupiscuntur, ut vel sola esse credantur vel his quae meliora creduntur amplius diligantur, necesse



est miseria consequatur, et quae inerat augeatur'  
(*De Civitate Dei*, lib. xv. cap. iv.).

F. C. CHOLMONDELEY.

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## The Prodigal Son.

THE Prodigal Son, when he came to his father, did not say as he intended, 'Make me as one of thy hired servants.'

To me, this omission is one of the most natural and beautiful things in the parable. It was only the father's great love that brought the prodigal to genuine repentance, when the vivid sense of sin obscured all thought of safety.

Do we not meet something like this almost every day? Suffering often sobers men, but probably hardens them quite as often. But one thing they can rarely resist: they break down utterly before a great and generous forgiving love.

Is it not there that the Cross also first grips the sinner?

I have tried to put this idea into verse.

I thought I had repented when one day  
I munched the husks in misery and fear;  
Alas, I only envied far away  
The hired servants and their better cheer.

And there and then had I resolved to own  
All my unworthiness and all my sin.  
To hide my pride and face a father's frown,  
And only seek the labourer's bread to win.

I started forth, and ever on the road  
Rehearsed the words with all the ardour due,  
And smiled, and hardly felt their inward goad—  
Till suddenly my father came in view.

Alas for planning! When he panting ran  
And flung his arms about me, and would cling,  
And weep, and kiss my cheek so grimed and wan,  
I had no heart to ask for anything.

'Twas then the mighty tempest broke within,  
And all my soul was tossed by fiery tides;  
Then bitterly I felt and owned my sin,  
And verily could think of naught besides.

Yea, I repented. Hard had been my heart;  
Affliction sobered me, but still I strove;  
The cords that bound me only fell apart  
Before a father's overwhelming love.

J. COMYN JONES.

*Bourne, Lincs.*

## Acts xxvii. 39.

My attention has been called to Mr. Cowan's contribution, in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES of last July, regarding the subject of this verse. There are several considerations which, I think, are fatal to the theory advanced by him.

The first is the wording of the narrative itself. It runs thus: Κόλπον δέ τινα κατειόνουν ἔχοντα αἰγιαλόν, εἰς ὃν ἐβουλεύοντο εἰ δύναιτο ἐξῶσαι τὸ πλοῖον, καὶ . . . κατεῖχον εἰς τὸν αἰγιαλόν. περιπεσόντες δὲ εἰς τόπον διθάλασσον ἐπέκειλαν τὴν ναῦν. The first thing which the voyagers saw, when daylight came, was a bay with a beach. Into this they determined, if they could, to drive the ship. Hoisting the foresail, 'they were holding on' (imperfect tense) for the beach. But, on the way, 'having fallen in (aorist tense) with a place where two seas met,' *i.e.* the narrow channel between Selmûn islet and the mainland of Malta, they drove the ship aground.

Clearly it was only as they were coming up into the bay that they fell upon—discovered—the place where two seas met. They did not know of its existence till they found themselves driving upon it. In other words, the simple meaning of the text would seem to be that they saw (1) the whole bay with its beach from the mouth of the bay, and (2) a place where two seas met disclosed itself unexpectedly to them behind what had looked like a spit of land, but was really an islet on the starboard side.

There is no beach visible from a ship lying at anchor in the open sea opposite the narrow channel where two seas meet.

The second consideration is, that there *was* a 'thrusting' of the ship to be done even if it was lying off the mouth of the bay. It had to be 'thrust' into the bay, not such an easy matter in the circumstances as might be supposed. Any one who has seen, as I have on more than one occasion, the difficulty with which even a steamship gets into either of the two harbours of Valetta under a violent 'gregalé' (the identical wind of this story), will not think it quite so simple for a sailing-ship, anchored in the open, to get up sail and steer safely into St. Paul's Bay under that wind. As Ramsay points out, St. Paul's ship had to get out of the direct line of the wind in order to avoid being driven on the rocky ground ahead of it. If to do this was difficult in the circumstances, it may

be judged how impossible it would have been to try to guide the ship into a narrow gap like the channel between Selmûn islet and the mainland, estimated by Smith as not more than a hundred yards in breadth, and that at right angles to the wind, which is what is required on Mr. Cowan's theory.

Ramsay's note (*Expositor*, August 1897) is worth giving at length: 'The problem which was presented to the sailors was to avoid the rocks and to drive the ship on the sandy beach, if possible. As the last words (*ἐὶ δύναιτο*) imply, this was by no means easy. As they lay anchored by the stern, with the full strength of the wind behind them, they had the rocky ground right before them. It was necessary not merely to drift, but to guide the ship away to the south, off the direct line of the wind. . . . If they were anchored only about a quarter of a mile from the land, it is obvious that their big ship, lightened of its cargo, with only a small fore-sail spread and a strong wind blowing, would have great difficulty in keeping off the west shore of the bay until they reached the sandy beach at its head.'

While it is true that sailing-boats, like the Gozoes with their lateen sails, can tack swiftly and cleverly owing to their small size, it is very different with a sailing-ship of a size sufficient to carry nearly three hundred persons. Such a vessel cannot be handled like a fishing-boat. Hence, again, a reason for the *ἐὶ δύναιτο* of the text.

Lastly, the depth mentioned (fifteen fathoms), just before anchoring, seems to preclude the idea that the ship came to anchor off the north-west side of Selmûn islet. In order to be able to see from there the place where two seas meet, it would have to be lying at least a quarter of a mile out from the islet, in the open sea, where the depth is a good deal more than fifteen fathoms. On the other hand, the chart shows that, off Koura Point, east of the mouth of the bay, there is a gradual shallowing such as fulfils the conditions of the story.

During the last twenty years I have studied St. Paul's Bay from all points, by repeated visits to it. In May 1907 I went up and down its waters in a steam-launch, while a sailor on board took soundings at my request. In September 1914 the ship I was in, one of 3000 tons, had to spend the night at anchor in the bay. It was interesting to view the place all round from the deck in the morning.

I do not think there can be any doubt that St. Paul's ship got into the bay as other ships do, namely, from the mile-wide entrance to it.

G. A. SIM.

*Malta.*

## Disciples and Apostles.

DR. GRIFFITH THOMAS'S question in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES of November, as to why *μαθητής* occurs so often in the Gospels and not at all in the Epistles and Apocalypse, deserves following up. The word, I reckon, occurs 72 times in Matthew, 44 times in Mark, 38 times in Luke, 78 times in John, and 30 times in the Acts; total, 262. In the Gospels the word stands, in the great majority of cases, for the Twelve, or for those early disciples out of whom the Twelve were chosen. In the Acts it stands, in every place but one, for the new converts.

Now look at the use of the word Apostle. It occurs eight times in the Synoptics, not at all in John, 30 times in the Acts, and 39 times in the Epistles and Apocalypse. It stands for the Twelve in seven cases out of the eight in the Synoptists; and in 28 cases out of the 30 in the Acts, none later than 16<sup>4</sup>, that is, after the narrative is concentrated on St. Paul. In the Epistles and Apocalypse, where the Twelve as such do not naturally appear, it stands for them six times. (St. Paul uses the word of himself, alone or with others, 22 times. Twice it is used of St. Peter; six times it has a general reference to the Church's leaders; once it is used of our Lord, in He 3<sup>1</sup>; twice of false apostles, in 2 Co 11.)

Now notice especially the seven instances in the Synoptists of the Twelve being called Apostles. Two (Mt 10<sup>2</sup>, Lk 6<sup>13</sup>) are at their original appointment. Two, in Luke, are on the night of the Last Supper (22<sup>14</sup>) and the day of the resurrection (24<sup>10</sup>). This leaves only three cases of the use of the word for the period of the actual ministry. Of these, two refer to the same occasion, when the Twelve returned from their Galilean preaching tour (Mk 6<sup>80</sup>, Lk 9<sup>10</sup>). That is, the men who are called Disciples over 200 times in the Gospels are in this case called Apostles because they had just been actually engaged in evangelistic work.

There remains the seventh case, the most interesting of all. It is Lk 17<sup>5</sup>, 'The Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.' Why should



they be called Apostles here? One would think it was as Disciples that they would ask for an increase of their faith. No; if we just drop out Luke's 'Great Interpolation' (9<sup>51-16</sup>), and then compare Mk 9<sup>33-42</sup> and Mt 18<sup>1-18</sup>, we shall find that Lk 17 links itself on with 9<sup>46-50</sup>; and we shall see that the reason why their faith needed increase was because the dispute about which should be greatest, and the question of forgiving a brother, and the complaint against the rival who was casting out devils and yet not following them, were all connected with their work as Apostles. So when they ask for more faith, they do so *qua* Apostles, and are so called by the Evangelist.

What is the point of all this? It is threefold. (1) In the Gospels the Twelve are in the Disciple-period, the period of education, of preparation; in the Acts and Epistles they are in the Apostle-period. (2) No one can be a true Apostle without being a Disciple first. (3) Every Disciple ought to aim at being, by Divine grace, also an Apostle.

EUGENE STOCK.

### 'Touch me not.'

MR. FARMER does not allude to it; but does not Peter's reply to Christ afford a strictly parallel case? Jesus asked him, 'Lovest thou me?' (ἀγαπᾷς). Like Mary, he knows as yet of no other kind of love than personal reverence and affection, and so replies, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee' (φιλῶ). Our Lord intimated to *all* the disciples, that it was expedient for Him to go, or the Comforter could not come to them; in other words, their personal attachment to Himself would hinder their acquisition of true Christian love (ἀγάπη) or the 'enthusiasm of humanity' (Seeley), which alone can establish His Kingdom upon earth.

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### Lamentations ii. 13.

THE first phrase in La 2<sup>13</sup> (מה אעודך) has always been regarded as difficult (see commentaries and dictionaries). It is admitted that the meaning, 'what shall I testify unto thee?' or 'take witness for thee?' gives no sense. But the proposed emendations, as עֲדָךְ הָ, or מָה אֶעֱדֶיךָ, do not help in the least, and even create new difficulties.

I should like to suggest that עֲדָךְ has here the same meaning as עֲדָךְ in יעודך (Ps 146<sup>9</sup> and Ps 147<sup>6</sup>) and in ונתעודך (Ps 20<sup>9</sup>). יעודך means 'he restoreth,' 'he relieveth,' 'he giveth strength to.' ונתעודך means 'and we were restored.' We thus see that there is a verb עֲדָךְ which means 'to restore, to give strength to, to relieve, to encourage' (see also the *Oxford Gesenius*, p. 728). In Pss 146 and 147 this verb occurs in the *Polel* and in Ps 20 in the *Hithpolel*. I submit that we have the same verb in La 2<sup>13</sup> in the *Kal* (according to the Ketib) or in the *Hiphil* (according to the Keri). מה אעודך would then have to be rendered: 'How shall I relieve thee?' or 'how shall I give thee courage?'. ונתעודך would then be parallel to מה אעודך, while מה אשׁוּה לך is parallel to מה ארמה לך. This double parallelism seems to me also to support the explanation offered here.

The following would now be the translation of the verse:

How shall I relieve thee (by words of comfort, or give thee courage)?

What shall I liken to thee, O daughter of Jerusalem?

What shall I equal to thee?

And (how) shall I comfort thee, virgin daughter of Zion? For thy breach is great like the sea: who can heal thee?

The verse has now an entirely satisfactory meaning, and is also more symmetrical.

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### Genesis iv. 20.

THE Massoretic Text at the close of this verse is obviously unworkable; something has gone wrong when a natural rendering presents the extraordinary statement that Jabal 'was the father of one who dwells in a tent and cattle.' Certainly, even in highly civilized and settled communities, dwelling in a tent continues to be a mode of life familiar enough to excite no surprise; but it is surprising to find 'cattle' grammatically co-ordinated here with 'tent' as a second dependent on the governing participle 'dwelling'; the two nouns are obviously incongruous in their received connexion.

To solve the difficulty, various devices have been adopted. The rendering of the Septuagint Translators, πατὴρ οἰκούντων ἐν σκηναῖς κτηνοτρόφων ('the father of those who dwell in tents, feeding cattle'), is obviously rather loose and evasive;



while the Latin Vulgate, *pater habitantium in tentoriis, atque pastorum*, makes a slight variation; it is to be noted, however, that in both of these Old Versions, *יֵשֶׁב* was evidently read as the plural, viz. *יֵשְׁבֵי*, which was probably the original form; further, the closing term was viewed as a participle, rather than a simple noun. The English Translators of the 1611 Version, in order to make fair sense, paraphrastically inserted several words, thus, 'the father of such as dwell in tents, and (of such as have) cattle'; while the Revisers' rendering is

more brief, viz. 'the father of such as dwell in tents and (have) cattle.' More recently, Kittel, in his Hebrew Bible, reads the last two words as *אֵהָיָא מִקְנֶה* ('tents of cattle,' cattle-tents). But by reading *יֵשֶׁב* as *יֵשְׁבֵי*, and the closing term *וּמִקְנֶה* as its resemblant *וּמִקְנֵה*, congruity of ideas is secured, and the whole expression runs smoothly: 'He was the father of those who dwell in tent and camp.'

JAMES KENNEDY.

*New College, Edinburgh.*

## Entre Nous.

John Galsworthy.

There is more prose than poetry in that book which Mr. John Galsworthy calls *A Sheaf* (Heinemann; 5s. net); but we shall quote a poem from it and so give it a place here. What is the book? It is a collection of contributions to recent periodicals, made mostly since the war began. All is of the finest feeling for style, Mr. John Galsworthy being one of our supreme artists in literature.

Mr. Galsworthy is a lover of animals and a hater of war. The first part of the book is strong enough in its irony and exposure to shock the most indifferent out of the wearing of 'aigrettes.' The last part is fierce enough in its denunciation of the futile cruelty of war to shame the most pronounced militarist out of his militarism. And all that is good. There is just one thing that is bad. Mr. Galsworthy has no God. When the war is over our 'creed will be a noiseless and passionate conviction that man can be saved, not by a far-away, despotic God who can be enlisted by each combatant for the destruction of his foes, but by the Divine element in man, the God within the human soul.'

This is the poem:

### VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,  
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,  
Thought not of dying—death is such waste of  
me!—  
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the here-  
after

Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—

I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,  
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot

Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking  
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!

God, let me know it the end of man's fever!  
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying

Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

Frederick George Scott.

There are few poems in the little book entitled *In the Battle Silences* (Constable; 2s. net), but every one of them is a poem. They have been written 'at the Front.' They are all the offspring of the war. They all find the war good for the making of heroes. This is the shortest of them all:

### KNIGHTHOOD.

To H. T. O.

In honour, chivalrous;  
In duty, valourous;  
In all things, noble;  
To the heart's core, clean.

Thomas Hardy.

The poet is born, not made: Mr. Hardy is a poet. The pessimist is made, not born: Mr. Hardy is a pessimist. There is 'something wrong' in every poem of the *Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy* which Messrs. Macmillan have issued in their 'Golden Treasury' series (2s. 6d. net), but they are none the less poetical. What



experience of life has darkened this writer's sky?  
What hope deferred? What faith unfought for?  
These two poems are typical:

## TO LIFE.

O Life with the sad seared face,  
I weary of seeing thee,  
And thy draggled cloak, and thy hobbling pace,  
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

I know what thou would'st tell  
Of Death, Time, Destiny—  
I have known it long, and know, too, well  
What it all means for me.

But canst thou not array  
Thyself in rare disguise,  
And feign like truth, for one mad day,  
That Earth is Paradise?

I'll tune me to the mood,  
And mumm with thee till eve;  
And maybe what as interlude  
I feign, I shall believe!

## 'I SAID TO LOVE.'

I said to Love,  
'It is not now as in old days  
When men adored thee and thy ways  
All else above;  
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One  
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,'  
I said to Love.

I said to him,  
'We now know more of thee than then;  
We were but weak in judgment when,  
With hearts abrim,  
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please  
Inflict on us thine agonies,'  
I said to him.

I said to Love,  
'Thou art not young, thou art not fair,  
No elfin darts, no cherub air,  
Nor swan, nor dove  
Are thine; but features pitiless,  
And iron daggers of distress,'  
I said to Love.

'Depart then, Love! . . .

—Man's race shall perish, threatenest thou  
Without thy kindling coupling-vow?

The age to come the man of now

Know nothing of?—

We fear not such a threat from thee;

We are too old in apathy!

*Mankind shall cease.*—So let it be.

I said to Love.

## Oscar Boulton.

Mr. Boulton has issued a collection of his poetry under the title of *Poems* (Kegan Paul). The volume contains early Poems, Translations, Peninsular Ditties, and many miscellaneous verses. This is the way Mr. Boulton treats the subject of

## THE ANGELS AT MONS.

Were there angels at Mons? Did they hold the  
foe back,  
When the galloping squadrons came hot on our  
track?  
Was it these that we glimpsed by the flash of  
the guns,  
Looming faint in the fog that distracted the  
Huns?

And that cry that so startled us? Hark!  
Soldier, hark!  
To the voice of the sweet, mailed maiden of  
Arc!  
Calling, bell-like and clear, 'mid the thunderous  
blast  
To her French and us English, sworn comrades  
at last.

Did you see them? No matter! I know they  
were there,  
If the hearts of our host were uplifted in prayer,  
If our mission was just and our purpose was  
true,  
If we fought hard for them then they fought  
for us too.

If we strove for the right, if we warred against  
evil,  
If in fighting the Huns we were fighting the  
Devil,  
Then it mayn't be denied that the Lord was  
our Guide,  
And the bright hosts of Heaven came in on  
our side.



If the boom of our guns and the din of our strife  
 Were the call of mankind to a worthier life,  
 Welling up with glad shouts from the souls of  
 the slain,  
 Then the Angels were with us, and will be  
 again.

William Butler Yeats.

The new volume of poetry which Mr. W. B. Yeats has published will be welcomed with particular pleasure by those who are able to welcome it at all. For it is wholly in the poet's manner, and that manner is very acceptable to those who can receive it. To receive it some aptitude for interpretation and some study are required; few of the poems carry their meaning in their face. Perhaps for their full appreciation some such experience of life as Mr. Yeats himself has had is necessary—something of the Irish mind, with a world of supernatural and quite unaccountable beings in the air; something of the Irish history with an unforgotten sense of wrong done upon the earth. We shall quote one of the poems. It is one of the least difficult to understand. The title of the book is *Responsibilities, and Other Poems* (Macmillan; 6s. net).

#### TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND.

##### I.

Dance there upon the shore;  
 What need have you to care  
 For wind or water's roar?  
 And tumble out your hair  
 That the salt drops have wet;  
 Being young you have not known  
 The fool's triumph, nor yet  
 Love lost as soon as won,  
 Nor the best labourer dead  
 And all the sheaves to bind.  
 What need have you to dread  
 The monstrous crying of wind?

##### II.

Has no one said those daring  
 Kind eyes should be more learn'd?  
 Or warned you how despairing  
 The moths are when they are burned,  
 I could have warned you, but you are young,  
 So we speak a different tongue.

O you will take whatever's offered  
 And dream that all the world's a friend,  
 Suffer as your mother suffered,  
 Be as broken in the end.  
 But I am old and you are young,  
 And I speak a barbarous tongue.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Is Mysticism simply 'a poetical way of putting things'? Is Sir Rabindranath Tagore a mystic? He has certainly a poetical way of putting things. Listen to this. We select from his new book, entitled *Fruit-Gathering* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net), two sections. The book is divided into eighty-six sections in all.

##### LII.

What music is that in whose measure the world  
 is rocked?

We laugh when it beats upon the crest of life,  
 we shrink in terror when it returns into the  
 dark.

But the play is the same that comes and goes  
 with the rhythm of the endless music.

You hide your treasure in the palm of your  
 hand, and we cry that we are robbed.

But open and shut your palm as you will, the  
 gain and loss are the same.

At the game you play with your own self you  
 lose and win at once.

##### LXVI.

Listen, my heart, in his flute is the music of  
 the smell of wild flowers, of the glistening leaves  
 and gleaming water, of shadows resonant with  
 bees' wings.

The flute steals his smile from my friend's lips  
 and spreads it over my life.

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